

James Howel Esq^r, one of
the Clerks of his Ma^{ties} most
Hoble Privy Counsel.

— Sub-
mole resurgo.



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POEMS

Upon divers

Bark.

Emergent Occasions :

BY

James Hovvell

ESQUIRE



LONDON :

Printed by *Ja: Cottrel* ; and are to be sold in
Exchange-alley near *Lumbard-street*. 1664,

2570

POEMS

On several

CHOICE and VARIOUS

SUBJECTS.

Occasionally Composed

By An

Eminent Author.

Collected and Published

BY

Sergeant-Major *P. F.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Ja: Cottrel*; and are to be sold by
S. Speed, at the Rain-bow in *Fleetstreet*,
near the inner Temple-gate. 1663.

POEMS

by

John V. and V. and V.

SUBJECTS

Rightfully Composed

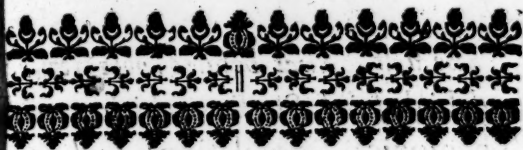
Printed at Author.

London and Printed

by J. B. and J. B.

Printed by J. B. and J. B. at the
Printers of the University of
Oxford, 1855.

John Whitchurch



TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND,

And Innately Noble,

Dr. Henry King,

(Many years)

Lord Bishop of *Chichester, &c.*

My LORD!



Here are divers Motives
(humbly under Favour)
which have induced me to
this Dedication.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The first, That besides those severe and high-solid Studies which attend Theological Speculations, (wherein your Lordship is eminent even to admiration) 'tis evidently known, my Lord, that you have not onely a profound Judgement, but also a sublime Genius in Poetical Compositions. Now, my Lord, 'tis upon good Record, that Poets were the first Divines and Philosophers; and as a great Wit well observeth, Poetry is the clearest Light to prove that Man hath an Intellectual Soul, and Ray of Divinity shining in him.

The second Motive was, my Lord, That I finde in the Works of this Excellent

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cellent Author, some signal Passages that discover the particular Observance and high Veneration not onely he hath (but many thousands more.) of your Lordships dear Relations, and your own most Unparallel'd Merits.

The third Motive was, my Lord, That I might lay hold on this happy opportunity of publicly confessing those Obligations I cannot now fairly Conceal, nor yet fitly Cancel; that the World as well as your most honourable Lordship may be sensible of these Overtures of my devoted Gratitude; which still I can exemplifie in a Prolixer Present, I beseech your Lordship to accept this small Homage and contracted Ten-

The Epistle Dedicatory.
of his humble Devoire, who is otherwise
unlimited,

My Lord,
And in all ample Duty
and Obedience,
Your LORDSHIPS
Most faithful Honourer,

A N D
Sincerely devoted Servant,

P. F.



To the Reader.

ty

NOT to know the Author of these Poems, were an Ignorance beyond *Barbarism*, as 'twas said of a famous person in *France*: yet I held it superfluous to prefix his Name in the Title-Page, he being known and easily distinguished from others by his Genius and Stile, as a great Wit said lately of him,

er,

Author Hic ex Calamo notus ut ungue Leo.

b

F

He may be called the prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes: for from his *Δενδρολογία*, Or *Parly of Trees*, to his *Θησιολογία*, or *Parly of Beasts*, (not inferiour to the other) there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his Works on various subjects; useful not onely to the present times, but to all posterity.

D

And 'tis observed, that in all his Writings there is something still *New*, either in the *Matter*, *Method* or *Fancy*, and in an untrod-den *Tra&*. Moreover, one may discover a

To the Reader.

kind of Vein of *Poese* to run through the body of his *Prose*, in the Concinnity and succinctness thereof all along.

He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not onely consist of Words; and a bombast of Complements, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidst kind of Knowledge.

He chalks out a Topical and exact way for *Farreign Travel*, not roving in general Precepts onely.

In all his Histories there are the true Rules, Laws and Language of History observed.

What infinite advantages may be got by *French* his *Dictionaries* and *Nomenclature* by all *Pro-Dict^y* fessions and Nations!

How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the *Royal Right* in divers learned Tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad as well as at home! &c.

Touching these Poems, most of them were saw publick Light before; for I got them in *Manuscripts*, whereof I thought fit to give the Reader an Advertisement.

1700

P. Fisher.

De



De Ornatissimo,
Viroq; omnifariam pererudito
Acris, & Ignei Ingenii,
Polyglotto ad Prodigium usq;
Dom. JACOBO HOWELL Maridunensi,
Tam ex Majorum *ceris*, quam sui Ipsius
Meritis Armigero, &c.

Sic Phæbi Delabra patent; sic tota Recessus
Pandit Cyrrha suos, funditq; oracula prægnans
Anglia, Cambriacæ & Cortina remugit aula,
Nempe novum Æonidum Proles Montaccola fontem
Ostendit, sacrasq; aperit Tritonidis arces
Howelli Generosa Domus, Celeberrima Gentis
Hoeliæ, Patriiq; decus memorabile fundi.
Tolle Coronatas Stirps Maridunia cristas,
Howellumq; Innum ventura in sæcula pœter
Indigenis peperisse plagis, quæ monstrat Avitos
Insignis Fortuna lares, seriesq; vetusta
Sanguinis à longo volventis flumina Rivo;
Ad Cujus gavisi olim Cristalla federe
Grandævi Druides, patulifq; studere sub umbris
Ornorum Bardî, & nemorum se condere lustris.
Unde patet, nec vana fides, genus esse Jacobi
De serie Druidum, suffusq; pœtora dudum
Embea primævis spiresse oracula cunis.

Ergo

Ergo Credulitas Majorum vana faceſſat,
 Nec ſibi Primores cunctos veſtus arroget ævum;
 Creta Panomphaum quid progenuiſſe Tonantem
 Intumet? aut veteres ſic altercantur, Homerus
 Quâ fuerat de ſede ſatus? Quid culta ſuperbit
 Scaligero Verona ſuo? Quid Mantua ſælix
 Virgilio præcone tumes? En Cambria nobis
 Mantua, deq; ſuis Vates educitur oris
 Meonio nil Vate minor, Cunabula cujus
 Circum, tot Charitum croceis Examina turmis
 Mellifluos fecere favos, ea gratia Scriptis
 Aurea, libratoq; ſedet ſub carmine nervus,
 Et gravitas ficiæ non affectata loquela,
 Scilicet à Teneris docti veſtigia Seclī
 Uſq; ſequi Tibi cura fuit; veterumq; labores
 Volvere limatos, avidiſq; Heliconida labris
 Exhaustis Vacuare cadis. (a) Harlæus bonoris
 Primitias inſignis habet, Qui Numine dextro
 Tam Tibi, quam celebri Fratri primordia jecit
 Urbs Quem (b) Briſtolia dudum dignata Tiarâ eſt
 Præſulis, & ſacram vel adhuc reminiſcitur umbram.
 O ſælix Howelle nimis noviſſe Magiſtrum
 Harlæum cujus Gens Herefordia ſtirpem
 Faciet, & ingentem tollat per ſæcula famam!
 Illius auſpiciis ſolidis, epheba Juventus
 Pieriis afflata modis, quum nobile Flacci
 Ante oculos ſaltabat Epos; & Pleſira Lucani
 Pharſalico concinna ebely. Tum mite Terenti
 Ingenium, & ſtriſto ſervorum ſcommata ſocco,
 Plantinoſq; ſales potâſti impubibus annis
 Hellus Græcorum Laticum. Mox Sydere verſo
 Ipſe novum moliris iter, quâ Dulce Lycæum

(a) Eruditiffimus Dom. Harley Scholæ Hereford. Archi-
 didaſcalus, (b) Frater noſtri Jacobi qui Episcop. Briſto-
 lienſis moriebatur. Oxoniæ

Oxoniz plenos referat sitientibus amnes.

Heic Jesu sacrata Domus Te amplectitur ulnis
Admissum geminis, & diæ pocula Lucis
Castalio cum lacte dabat. Sub sensibus haustus
Tam logicos primum gryphos, artesq; loquendi
Digeris, & solide formâ methodoq; locatis,
Venturæ Vigil instauras fundamina Famae.
Inde Sophistæo magis inspirata Susurro
Mens Tua, Te Socium nullo opponente creavit
Collegi veneranda Cohors. Nec sistitur ingens
Impetus, humane qui supra nubila vite
Gestit, & aprico felix feriatur olympo.
Ergo Philosophiæ sublimia culmina scandens
Occultas reſeras sedes, ubi Scrinia mundi
Naturæq; Arcana habitant : ubi cernitur omnis
Quid Divina velit, vel suaserit Ethnica Virtus.
Quicquid Socratico manavit ab ordine ; quicquid
Clara Cleanthæ præscripsit Turba Lucernæ ;
Quicquid Erythræis Cynicorum Seclia studebat
Gymnasiis ; quicquid dixit, tacuitq; loquendo
Pythagoras Howelle Tuum est, Qui abstrusa latebris
Eruiſ ingenio, Rerumq; oracula pandens,
Concipis immensos dilato pectore mundos.

Nec Tua Fama Domi, Patriisve morabitur antris,
Veclia per extremum nonis Juvenilibus orbem,
Et Regum consueta Aulis, interq; potentes
Europæ Dominos porrectas sumere laurus.
Te Juvenem cognovit Iber ; Te celsa Philippi
Regia Catholici Madriti vidit Agentem
Principis Adventu Caroli, stupuitq; loquentem,
Traclantemq; diu alterni Molimina Sceptri.
Inde Revertentem Borealis Syderis Atlas
Ille Comes Præses Te Sunderlandius imis
Secretis admisit amans, & Tanta Scientem,

Callen

Callentemq; foras, propriis præfecit habenis.

*Nec Patria requiescis agro, sed cæcula fulcans
Cymbrica, ad ingentem Danorum flebiliis Aulam
Mitteris Orator Regine busta Sophiæ
Exequiasq; dolens, Tua circum Rostra Licestro
Legato, & Danicæ Procerum stipante Corona.
Quæ Regio in terris nostro non nota Jacobo?
Quem pede diffusi penetrantem viscera Regni
Teutonides videre sui; Quem Gallia dudum
Cum Batavo, & Veneti, & Siculi; & stupere Pelasgi;
Romaq; tot linguas uno sub corde prementem
Mirati, Poterantq; levi discrimina, cuncti
Indigenam dixisse suum. Tunc Patria dignum
Te Palmis censebat ovans, quem ad Tecta Senatus
Prisca ciebat amans, & ter successibus æquis
Ad sua delegit Te Parlamenta Sedentem.
Nec Patriæ cessabat amor, sed honoribus urgens
Continuis, credebat adhuc se parva dedisse
Nî meritis majora daret: sic nobilis audis
Clericus Augusti Caroli qua jungeris imis
Consiliis Tu Scriba cluens, Regniq; labores
Multiplices, Auleq; vices Atlantis ad instar
Colibras, Patrioq; humeros Supponis Olympo.*

*Hæc pro Te dudum dignissima, Patria fecit,
Pro Patriâ nec parva facis, faciliue rependis
Officio, quæ fecit amor: Communia Testor
Commoda, & attritis operosa volumina prælis
Non uno numeranda Die. Te muta movente
Organa, (c) Vocales fudere oracula Sylvæ,
Et Trunci didicere loqui, Dodonea Quercus,
Frondeferi Regina chori Tibi Brachia pandens
Tollit ad astra comas, foliisq; Superbior exit
A foliis famosa tuis, Quibus, Illa fatetur
Se Tibi debendam, contextaq; Serta dicendam*

(c) Dendrologia,

Civica,

Civica, Romuleis nil inferiora Triumphis.

*Utq; doces Sylvas, & tardo stipite Truncos
Humanos simulare sonas, sic (d) Bruta Ferarum
Gutturæ conformans, nostræ Vernacula lingue
Distinctasq; doces haurire, & reddere voces.
Exemplum dabit illud opus sublime, Priori
Vix dispar, ubi gliscit amor, Pietasq; Parenti
Sceptrifero; & Fidei Mortales Publica ductim
De Brutis Documenta bibant, trepidentq; Rebelles
Excandescensem Britonum irritare Leonem.*

*Nec cessat Tua mira manus, celerive remissas
Indulges calamo ferias, quia vana perosus
Otia, victuris letare laboribus, unam
Vix perdens sine luce diem, Testabitur orbi
Grandius Illud Opus (e) Bis Bino Idiomate coctum
Utile Principibus, Populoq; Orientis & Euri
Orbis, & à toto divisis orbe Britannis.
Hic veluti speculo Criticismata cuncta loquelæ
Cantabrigæ discernit Iber; Syrene Jacobo
Ausonios modulante sonos, de finibus exit
Italus allectus propriis; Gallusq; Garumnarum
Atq; Ararim rapido referens sermone, Britanglos
Advolat, alternæ miscens commercia linguae.
(f) Hisce voluminibus Nomenclatura stupendæ
Subjunctum est Opus ingenii (g) Proverbia Gentis
A tenebris memoranda trabens, formasq; loquendi
Priscorum Britonum, Quorum venerabile semen
Cambria servat adhuc, primosq; à sedibus actos
Commemorabit avos: Tua Cambria clare Jacobe
Cui Superum Ductu Tu post tot secula renascens*

(d) Therologia. (e) Opus aliud elucubratissimam, cui
titulus Lexicon Tetraglotton. (f) Aliud volumen non
minoris molis quam emolumentum. (g) Aliud volu-
men, Pentaglotton Proverbiorum

Adde-

Adderis Exemplar, dum sic virtutibus amplis
 Instauras Patriam, & virtutes dotibus equas.
 Egregie nasci laus est : sed gloria major
 Pro Patriâ nasci, & primus Chronista creari
 Regis ab Historiis. Et quis dubitaverit amens
 Te Titulis mirus ire Tuis, Oneriveq; lacertos
 Impariles, qui tanta manu Monumenta levasti,
 Pressaq; vix binis portanda Volumina Rhedis.
 Lector avet majora ? Domi quod scripseris olim
 Contempletur opus, plorandaq; damna (h) Senatus
 Prælongi numeret, cunctasq; ab origine causas
 Pendeat, & nostri recolet Commenta Jacobi.
 Si ulteriora petit ? Peregrè succinctus ad oras
 Longinquas eat, & Te (i) Directore, viarum
 Præsciis, Europæ varias adremiget urbes,
 Conductusq; Tuo formet vestigia Filo.

Hoc Filo conductus, aquis scopulisq; sedentem
 Europæ Dominam (k) Venetum mirabitur urbem :
 Celsaq; Parthenopsis (l) Regalia culmina cernet
 In Chartis Majora Tuis. Tunc versus ad oras
 Austriacas veterum Imperium venerabitur ingens
 (m) Tentonidum, & senio certantia vasta Viennæ
 Mania Pannonico toties ditata Tributo.
 Inde pedem fessum relegens, per Regna feretur
 Gallicæ, & Hoelios agnoscet ritè labores
 Liligeræ Septem trahentes lustra Tiaræ,
 Translatiq; Polo (n) Ludovici Busta, Suiq;
 Armandi parvo non designata papyro.

Sed quid ego gracili calamo, vel carmine curto
 Hoelianas vanus comprehendere chartas

- (b) Sobriæ ejus inspectiones in actiones longi Parliamenti. (i) Directiones peregre proficiscentibus. (k) Historia ejus Voluminosa Venetum. (l) Par etiam Neopolitanorum. (m) Aliud etiam volumen de Imperio Germano. (n) Aliud exquisitum volumen de vita Ludovici Gallicæ xiii.

Molier,

Molior, Hercules quum tot recitare labores
Herculeus labor alter erit? Testabitur Anglis
Urbs vetus Heroum (o) Trinobantia gloria Civium
Ingenio ditata Tuo. Testabitur orbi
Cultus Illud opus quo splendit (p) Epistola crebra
Flexanimo concinna stylo, quo Fœdera belli
Et passim Momenta Toge, Faciesq; nitenti
Ceruitur Europæ Speculo, & velamine dempto
Obvia Summorum pateant Penetralia Regum.

Tantis Posteritas cumulabit honoribus, olim
Vulgatos Howelle libros. Tantumq; labori
Debetit Gens nostra Novo, strips aurea Cujus,
Formaq; Primævas nil postponenda Sorores
Apello Charites, afflataq; calitus Æstro
Peñora, fatidicum fibris Spirantia Phœbum.
A Jove Principium sumens nam Pagina prima
Sacra Sapit, gratoq; flumit condita lepore
Cætera Mellifluos redolentia carmina Flores
Laurigeroq; novas Tibi contextura corollas.
Inde per humane raptus spectacula scæne
Quam parvas habitura moras Mortalia monstras,
Indignoque licet depressus Carcere, Mentis
Remigio super astra volas, Supremaq; versans,
Discis ab immenso quam discrepat angulus Orbe,
Et circumfusi quam curta Scientia Mundi
Æterno collata Deo. Tumet inde Papyrus
Landibus Heroum, & Carolum Te Vate salutat,
Augurioq; pio jamdudum rite potitis
Induperatoris summos promittit honores
Quum procul Austriacæ volucres, succumbere Gallo

- (o) Aliud nobile volumen cui titulus Londinopolis.
(p) Aliud opus usus omnifarii, cui titulus Epistolæ Ho-
ellianæ. (q) Innuit Poemata ejus in lucem jamjam
proditura.

Gaudēbunt,

Gaudebunt, Gallusq; Anglo parere Leoni.

*Heic etiam Octavi nitidum sine bile Charact'
 Pingitur Henrici, Quod latius Acta loquetur
 Et Genium, quam VVindsorii monumenta superbi
 Majorum constructa manu. (r) Saevillia Puber
 Dorfigenis praelustis bonos, caput eruet umbris
 Auspiciis Howelle Tuis. His (f.) Marchio grandis
 Pierpontiadum Durotrigumq; cacumen
 Tollitur, & Celsæ Katharinæ stemmata dudum
 Tremolâ deducta Domn. Proh celsæ columna
 Henrice armorum, & sublimibus Artibus: ingens
 Pro Seclî Coryphææ Tui! Quos Fulguris instar
 Antevolas, patrioq; creas Miracula Mundo.
 Hunc Chartis Howelle sonas, Cui gloria vastis
 Digna voluminibus, gravidog; canenda Cothurno;
 Illi dumq; litas laudes, aliisq; sub isto
 Codice, diffuso spargis Tua nomina mundo
 Lataq; non propriis clandi Præconia Chartis.*

(r) Nobilissimus Ille nuper Edoardus Dorcestriæ comes,
 (f) Illustrissimus Henricus Marchio Durotrigum; Comes
 de Kingston, &c. & Katharinæ filix comitis de Derby.

Sic raptim cecinit

P. PISCATOR



POEMS

Upon several

Emergent Occasions.

The Progress of the Human Soul:

The whole History of Man:

M*An* is that great *Amphibium*, which enrolls
 Within himself a *Trinity* of Souls;
 He runs through all *Creations* by degrees;
 First, he is onely *Matter* on the Lees;
 Whence he proceeds to be a *Vegetal*;
 Next *Sensitive*; (and so *Organical*)
 Then, by *Divine Infusion*, a third *Soul*,
 The *Rational* doth the two first controul:

B

But

(2)

But *when this Soul* comes in , and *where she dwell*
Distinct from th' other, no Dissector tells.

Now, which no *Creature* els can say, *that state*
Makes her (by *Grace*) to be *Regenerate*.

She then becomes a *Spirit* : so at last
A *Devil*, or a *Saint*, when *She* hath cast
That clog of *Flesh*, which yet she *takes again*,
To perfect her *Felicity* or *Pain*.

Thus *Man* from first to last, is *kin* to all
Cretures, in *Heav'n*, in *Earth*, and *Hells* Black Hall

A Speculation.

on Man. **T**Hat which the *smallest Star* in Sky
Is to the *Sun* in Majesty ;
What a *Monks Cell* is to *Highb-noon*,
Or a *New-cheese* to a *Full-moon* :
No more is *Man* , if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to the *Eagle* is a *Gnat*,
Or to *Leviathan* a *Sprat* ;
What to the *Elephant* a *Mouſe*,
Or *Shepherds Hut* to *Cesars Houſe* :
No more is *Man*, if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare,

Wh

What to a *Perl* a *Pebble-stone*,
 Or *Coblers Stall* unto a *Throne* ;
 What to the *Oke* the basest *Shrub*,
 Or to *Noah's Ark* a *Bucking-Tub* :
 No more is *Man*, if one should dare
 Unto an *Angel* him compare.

Then let not *Man*, *Half-child of night*,
 Compare with any *Heavenly Wight* :
 He will appeer on that account
 A *Mole-bill* to *Olympus Mount*.
 Yet, let *This* still his comfort be,
 He hath a *Capabilitie*
 To be of *Heav'n* himself: but on this score ,
 If he doth not make *Earth* his *Heav'n* before.

*Of some Pious Meditations, when Prisoner
 for the King in the Fleet.*

A S *Roses* 'mong sharp *Prickles* grow,
 As *Crystal's* got of *Ice* and *Snow* ;
 As *Perls* in muddy *Muscels* breed,
 As *Gold* on barrenst earth doth seed ;
 As *Diamonds* in *Craggs* and *Rocks*,
 As *Ambar* cruds' twixt *Neptune's shocks* : (blew,
 So 'mong those bleak *Fleet-blasts* which *Fortune*
 These calm mild strains of *Meditations* grew.

B 2

A

*A Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness
of Human Knowledge.*

Human Knowledge **I**F of the smallest *Star* in Sky
We know not the Dimensity:
If those pure sparks that Stars compose,
The highest Human Wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow *Man*! canst thou
The *Maker* of these *Glories* know?

If we know not the *Air* we draw,
Nor what keeps *Winds* and *Waves* in aw:
If our small *Sculls* cannot contain
The *flux*, and *saltness* of the *Main*;
If scarce a *Cause* we ken below,
How can we the *Supernal* know?

If it be a mysterious thing,
Why *Steel* shold to the *Loadstone* cling:
If we know not why *Fett* should draw,
And with such *Kisses* hug a *Straw*:
If none can truly yet reveal
How *Sympathetick Powders* heal:

If we scarce know the *Earth* we tread,
Or half the *Simples* there are bred,

With

With *Minerals*, and thousand things
Which for Mans health and food she brings :

If *Nature's* so obscure, then how
Can we the *God of Nature* know ?

What the *Batts Ey* is to the *Sun*,
Or of a *Glowworm* to the *Moon* ;
The same is *Human Intellect* ,
If on our *Maker* we reflect ;
Whose *Magnitude* is so immense,
That it transcends both *Soul* and *Sense*.

Poor Purbblind-Man, then sit thee still ;
Let *Wonderment* thy *Temples* fill.
Keep a due distance : do not pry
Too neer, lest like the silly *Fly*,
While she the *Wanton* with the *Flame* doth play,
First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

A *Prophetic Poem* (partly accomplished) to his pre-
sent *Majesty* then *Prince*, 1640.

A *Parallel* 'twixt his *Highness* and the *Black Prince*.

—S I R,—

W *Alas* had one glorious *Prince*, for hair and hue
(Which colour sticks unto him still) like *You*.
He travell'd far ; he won his *Spurs* in *France* ;
And took the *King*, the *King*, O mighty chance !

(6)

Then his victorious Troops afresh he gets ;
And with the *Gray-Goose wing* his shafts new fethers
He beats a march up the *Pyreney Hills*,
And the *Cantabrian Clime* with terror fills,
To re-inthroned *Don Pedro Castills* King ;
Of which Heroick Act all Stories ring.

Your *Royal Sire* travell'd so far, and thay
Of all our Princes onely made that way.
Who knows, great Sir, but by just Destiny,
Your *Bunch* of youthful *Plumes* may further fly :
But, Faucon-like, you may with full summ'd wings
The *Eagle* cuff, and from his Talons wring
The (a) *Prey*, or in exchange seize on his *Ore*,
And fix your Standard on the *Indian Shore*. (got:
'Twas by a (b) *Charles*, *France* once the Empire
'Twas by a (c) *Charles*, *Spain* also drew that lot:
Why may not *Britain* challenge the next Call,
And by a *Charles* be made *Imperial* ?

a *Palatinat*. b *Carolus Magnus*. c *Carolus Quintus*.

Sic Vaticinatur

J. H.

A Rapture upon Delia.

Could I but catch those Golden Rays
Which *Phebus* at High Noon displays,

I'd

(7)

I'd set them on a Loom, and frame
A Scarf for *Delia* of the same.

Could I that wondrous *Black* come near,
Which *Cynthia*, when she mourns, doth wear;
Of a new fashion I wold trace
A *Mask* thereof for *Delia's* face.

Could I but reach that *Green* and *Blue*,
Which *Iris* decks in such rare hue
From her moist *Bow*, I'd drag them down
To make my *Delia* a *Summer-Gown*.

Could I those *Whitely Stars* come nigh
Which makes the *Milky-way* in Sky,
I'd *Poach* them, and at *Moon-shine* dress,
To make my *Delia* a *Hougou Mefs*.

Thus would I *diet*, thus *attire*
My *Delia* *Queen* of *Hearts* and *Fire*:
She shold have ev'ry thing *Divine*,
What might besit a *Seraphine*.

And 'cause *ungirt unblest* we often find,
One of the lesser *Zones* her *Waste* shold bind.

Of the true Observation of Lent.

NOW *Lent* is come, let us refrain
From *Carnal* Creatures quick or slain :

Let's curb, and macerat the *Flesh* ;

Impeund, and keep it in distress

For forty days, and then we shall

Have a *Replevin* from the thrall

By that blest Prince, who for this Fast

Will give us *Angels* food at last.

But to abstain from *Beef*, *Hog*, *Goose*,

And let our *Appetites* go loose

To *Lobsters*, *Crabs*, *Prawns*, or such *Fish*,

We do not *Fast*, but *Feast* in this.

Not to let down *Lamb*, *Kid*, or *Veal* ;

Hen, *Plover*, *Turkicock*, or *Teal*,

And eat *Botargo*, *Caviar*,

Anchoves, *Oysters*, and like fare :

Or to forbear from *Flesh*, *Fowl*, *Fish*,

And eat *Potatoes* in a Dish

Done o'er with *Ambar*, or a *Mess*

Of *Ringos* in a *Spanish* Dress :

Or to refrain from each hot thing

Which *Water*, *Earth*, or *Air*, doth bring ;

And play a hundred pounds at *Glee* ;

Or be at *Saunt* when we shold sleep :

Or

(9)

Or to leave play with all high Dishes,
And feed our thoughts with *Wanton Wishes*;

Making the *Soul*, like a *Light Wench*,
: *VVear Patches* of Conscience.

This is not to keep *Lent* aright,
But play the *Juggling Hypocrit*.

He keeps *Lent* more, who tames the *inward Man*,
Then he, who makes the *outward* feed on *Bran*.

Before the *History of Lewis the 13.* (with his *Cardi-
dinal Richlieu*) called *Lustra Ludovici*.

HISTORIÆ SACRUM.

Immortal *Queen*, great *Arbitress* of *Time*, on *Truth*.
Bright *Torch* and *Herald* of *All-conquering Truth*,
Which *Things*, years thousands since, keepst still in
prime,

And so maintainst the *World* in constant *Youth*;
Making that *Morn* *Man* first was made of *Clay*,
Appear to us as fresh as *Yesterday*.

Rich Magazin of *Patterns*, which may serve
As *Spurs* to *Virtu*, or as *Curbs* to *Vice*;
Which dost *Brave Men* embalm, and them conserve
Longer then can *Arabian Gums* or *Spice*:

And of their *Memories* dost *Mummy* make,
More firm then that hot *Lybia's Sands* do cake.

Rare

(10)

Rare Garden, and rich Orchard, wherein grow
Fames golden Apples, *Vertues* choicest flow'rs;
Who twistest Garlands for the learned Brow,
And with thy Branches mak'st triumphant Bow'rs:
Inoculat this *Bud* on thy great *Tree*,
That it may *bourgeon* to Eternity.

Before

L O N D I N O P O L I S :

O R,

A new History of *London* :

Parallel'd with the greatest Cities on Earth.

Of *London-Bridge*.

London
Bridge **W**hen *Neptun* from his Billows *London* spyde,
Brought proudly thither by a High spring-
Tyde,

As through a *Floating Wood*, he steer'd along,
And *Dancing Castles* cluster'd in a throng :
When he beheld a mighty *Bridge* give Law
Unto his Surges, and their fury aw :
When such a shelf of *Cataracts* did roar,
As if the *Thames* with *Nile* had chang'd her shoar :
VVhen he such massy Walls, such Tow'rs did eye,
Such Posts, such Irons upon his back to lye ;
When

When such vast *Arches* he observ'd, that might
Nineteen *Rialto's* make for depth and height :

When the Cærulean God these things survey'd,
He shook his *Trident*, and astonish'd, said,
Let the whole *Earth* now all her *Wonders* count,
This *Bridge* of *Wonders* is the *Paramount*.

*The same in Latine, which for their weight I also
insert.*

De Ponte Londinenſi, ejuſq; ſtupendo ſitu,
& ſtructurâ.

Cum Londinenſem Neptunus viderat urbem
Veſtius ibi propriis, atq; reveſtus *Aquis*,
Dum denſum penetrat Sylvam, Lucôſq; ferentes
Pro ramis funes, pro foliisq; Cruces:
Cum ſuperimpoſitum Torrenti in Flumine Pontem
Viderat, & rapido ponere Jura Freto:
Cum tantos muros, ferrumina, Caſtra, tot Arcus
Speſtat, & hæc tergo cuncta jacere ſuo,
Arcus qui poſſent totidem formare Rialtos
Metiri ſi quis ſumma, vel Ima cupit,
Hæc Deus Undarum aſpiciens, Fluxuſq; retrorſum
Tundere, & horrendos inde boare ſonos,
Nunc mihi quanta velis Terræ Miracula pandas,
Eſt primis Mundi Pous, ait, Iſte ſupor.

J. H.

Before

Before Bishop Andrews most holy Meditations and Prayers.

IF ever any merited to be

Bp. Andrews The *Universal Bishop*, this was He.

Great *Andrews*, who the whole vast S E A did drain
Of Learning, and *Distill'd* it in his Brain.

These pious *Drops* are of the purest kind
That trickled from the *Limbeck* of his Mind.

Before that large and elaborat Work, called,
The *German Diet*;

Which, in many Princely Orations, displays

The Power and Weakness,

The Plenty and VVant,

The Antiquity and Modernness,

The Advantages and Defects,

The Glory and Reproche,

The Vertues and Vices,

of all the Countries of Chriftenome.

A X I O M A.

Contraria juxta se posita magis elucescant.

Black sidelong put, or standing opposite, *Contrast*
Doth use to add more lustre unto *White*.

A *Perl* shines brighter in a *Negro's Ear* :
Some *Ladies* look more fair who *Patches* wear :
So *Vice*, if counterplac'd, or seated near,
Makes *Vertu* show more lovely, strong, and clear.

This *Book* hath *Vice* and *Vertu*, *White* and *Black* :
'Tis like a *Crytal-Glass* foyld on the back :
'Tis like a *Chessboard*, (or an *Ermins Skin*)
Checker'd with two *Extreams*, both out and in.
It weighs and winnows good from bad, which any
Of *Europes Kingdoms* have, (and they have many.)

Now, if those purer *Regions* of the *Sky*, *Spots even*
Where ev'ry *Star's* a perfect *Monarchy*; in *Stars &c.*
If the bright *Moon*, and glorious *Sun* above
Have *Spots* and *Motes*, as *Optick Glasses* prove ;
How then can these gross earthly *Regions* be,
And *We* that people them, from taintures free ?

This were for us to arrogat that *Bliss*
Which *Adam* could not keep in *Paradis*.

Before

Before my Lord of Cherberry's History
of King Hen. 8.

Vices in Kings are like those spots the Moon
Bears in her body, which so plain appeer
To all the world: so *Vertues* shine more clear
In them, and glitter like the *Sun* at Noon.
This King had *both* ; yet counter-balance all,
You'l find th' out: poisoning Grain in *Vertues* Scale.

on King
Hen. 8. He was more King then Man : his Gallantries
Surpass'd his Frailties ; Had his Passions bent
To Him as France did, and his Parlement ;
Or had his Set been equal to his Rise :
Of all those glorious Kings wore *Englands* crown,
He had march'd with the foremost in Renown.

This learned Lord, this Lord of VVit and Art,
This *Metaphysick* Lord gives us a Glas,
VWherein we may discern in ev'ry part
This boyftrous Prince, He cuts *Him* out in Brass,
In everlasting Brass : so that I may avow,
Old Harry never had a Monument till now.

An

*An Analytical Character or Dissection
of Hen. 8.*

THis great King may be considered,

1. In his Person, and outward Proportion.
2. In his Properties, and inward Disposition.
3. In his Political Capacity, and Actions Civil and Martial.

Touching the first, he was of a goodly Stature, of a Majestic awing Presence, of a clear sanguin Complexion; which made him apt to give and take *Tentations* of that Sex which was too hard for the *First*, the *Strongest* and *Wiseſt Man*. He had a competency of spirit to manne that large Bulk throughout: for he was vigorous and robust, witness his overthrowing Sir *William Kingstone* horse and man in the presence of three *Queens*. His Dexterity at Tilt, the Barriers, and all other heroick Exercises at his interviews with the French King, and Emperors: for when he appeared in any Action, He out-went all others.

Touching the second, it sub-divides it self into his *Vertues* and *Vices*. For his Vertues, by advantage of Education, (being designed for the Church) he

he was well vers'd in the Arts, a good Latinist and Divine. He had an harmonious soul, for he was a good Musitian, having among other things composed two Anthems, which were usually sung in his Chappels. Touching his Vices, being of a replete sanguin Constitution, he had more matter for the heat of Concupiscence to work upon. Nor were his two Contemporaries, *Charles* the Empe-
 rour, and *Francis* of *France*, less peccant in this kind: for they also had their *Amourettes*, their *Indebita vasa*, and divers natural Children. Having parted with *Queen Katharin* his first wife, and with his Cardinal, his *Sanguin* Humour came to be somewhat sanguinary, and inclining to cruel; yet he had the *Church*, the *Parlement*, and the *Judges* for what he did. He was too constant to himself when any thing entred into his head; which the world termed *Wilfulness*. He was more prodigal in spending, then covetous in getting money, by making himself an *Actor* in some things, which had been more for his advantage had he been onely a *Spectator*.

Touching the third, he was very knowing in the *Art of Government*, being cut out as it were for a King; for he kept all in an exact Obedience: and had his *Passions* been as subject to him as were his *People*, he had been the rarest of Kings. He also may be rank'd
 among

among the best *Law-makers*. He got divers glorious *Titles*, which his Progenitors never had: for he was the first *Defender of the Faith*, and promis'd to be stil'd *Christianissimus*. He was the first English *King of Ireland*. He was the first *Uniter* of the ancient *Britains* and the *English*. He was call'd by the Consistory of *Rome*, *Liberator Orbis*, when the Pope was freed. *Francis* the first acknowledged him, under God, to be the chiefest *Deliverer* of him and his Children from *Spain*. He was stil'd *Protector* of the famous *Clementine League*; and offered to be *Patron* of the *Lutherans*. Nor did he know what it was to be *beaten* all his Life. He had an *Emperour* to serve him in the Wars, and he was counted the common *Umpire* of *Christendome*. In fine, *England* may be said to have had little or no Commerce abroad in point of *Matters of State*, till the Reign of this *King*.

O F
T R A N S L A T I O N S,

Upon rendring into English a choice Venetian Romance, called,

E R O M E N A,

By Mr. James Howard.

on Trans-
-lation. **S**ome hold *Translations* not unlike to be
The wrong-side of a Turkey Tapistry,
Or Wines drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in flask
Loose somewhat of the taste they had in Cask.
Tis tru, each Language hath an *Idiome*,
Which in *another* couch'd comes not so home.
Yet I nere saw a piece from *Venice* come
Had fewer *Thrums* set on our Country Lome.
This Wine is still *one-ear'd*, and brisk, though put
Out of *Italian* Cask, in *English* Butt.

Anether.

Fair *Eromena* in Italian tire
I view'd, and lik'd her fashion wondrous well
But in this *English* habit I admire
That still in *Her* the same good *Grace* doth dwell.
So have I seen *Trans-Alpin* Cions grow,
And bear rare fruit, remov'd to *Thames* from *Pe*
The

The Dedication

To Great Britain, of that Voluminous Work,
Lexicon Tetraglotton :

O R,

An English - French - Italian - Spanish

D I C T I O N A R Y.

REnowned *Albion*, Nature's choice delight,
Neptunes chief care, and Arsenal of might; *on Albion*
Who in thy Watry Orb dost sparkling lie,
As *Cynthia* shines in the Cærulean Skie :
Or, as a *Tortoise* in her Circling Shell,
Dost live secure within thy Rocky Cell
A World within thy self, fit to defend
Thine own, and fit no further to extend.
Yet with thy winged Coursers dost give Law
Unto the Ocean, and his Surges aw.
The Baltick Waves, and Hyperborean,
The vast Atlantik, Euxin, Indian;
The Adriatik, Tyrrhen, Hellespont,
The *White*, the *Black*, the *Red*, all Seas are wont
To do thee homage, and rich tributes bring
Unto thy *Thames* by way of Offering :

C 2

VWhich

Which makes *Civilians* hold, That thy *Sea-bound*
Reach to the *Shores* of all thy Neighbours round,

To Thee, Triumphant Isle, I do address
This Work of *Oyl* and *Toyl* : be Patroness
Of thy own Tongue, which here twixt Columns
Throughout a massy Fabrick all along (strong,
Goes in the *Van* of *Europes* noblest *Toungs*,
Though they want somewhat of her *Nerves* and
Lungs.

Of the Original of the English *Toung*,
And her Association

With the Italian, Spanish, and French, &c.

FRance, Italy and Spain, ye Sisters Three,
Whose *Toungs* are branches of the *Latian* Tree;
To perfect your odd number be not shy
To take a *Fourth* to your Society
The high *Teutonik* Dialect, which bold
Hengistus with his *Saxons* brought of old
Among the *Britains*, when by *Knife* and *Sword*,
Of *England* he did first create the *VVord*.

Nor is 't a small advantage to admit
So *Male* a Speech to mix with *You*, and knit :
Who by her *Consonants* and tougher strains,
VVill bring more *Arteries* 'twixt your soft *Vains* :

For

For of all Tounes, *Dutch* hath most Nerves and
Bones,

Except the *Pole*, who hurls his VVords like Stones:

Some fain, that when our Protoplastick Sire
Lost Paradis by a just kindled ire,

He in *Italian* tempted was, in *French*

He fell a *begging* Pardon, but from thence

He was thrust out in the high *Tenton* Toun

VVhence *English*, though much *polish'd* since, is
sprung.

This Book is then an *inlay'd* Piece of Art;

English the *Knots* which strengthen ev'ry part.

Four Languages are here together fix'd:

Our *Lemsters* Ore with *Naples* *Silk* is mix'd.

The *Loire*, the *Po*, the *Thames*, and *Tagus* glide

All in one Bed, and kiss each others side.

The *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains meet:

The *Rose* and *Fowrdeluce* hang in one street.

Nay, *Spain* & * *Redcap* *France* a League here strike.

If'twixt their *Kings* and *Crowns* there were the like,

Poor *Europe* should not bleed so fast, and call

Turbans at last unto her Funeral.

* 1657.

Before a great Volume of
 P R O V E R B S,
 In Five Languages.

on Pro-
 verbs.

THe *Peeples Voice*, the *Voice of God* we call;
 And what are *Proverbs* but the *Peeples Voice*?
 Coynd first, and current made by *common choice*:
 Then sure they must have weight and truth withal.
 They are a *Publick Heritage*, entail'd
 On ev'ry Nation, or like *Hirelomes* nail'd,
 VVhich pass from *Sire to Son*, and so from *Son*
 Down to the *Grandchild* till the world be done.
 , They are *Free-denizens* by long descent,
 VVithout the *Grace of Prince or Parlement*:
 The truest *Commoners*, and inmate *Guests*;
 We fetch them from the *Nurse and Mothers breasts*:
 They can *Prescription* plead 'gainst *King or Crown*,
 And need no *Affidavit* but their own.

We thought it then well worth the pains and cost
 To muster up these *Ancients* in one *Host*:
 Which herelike *surbish'd Medals* we present
 To all that breathe in *Christendom and Kent*.

Of the strange vertu of VWords,

Before

The Great NOMENCLATURA;

*Wherein are the proper Terms in four Languages be-
longing to Arts*

Mechanical and Liberal:

Which Poem consists of above Sixty Sentences.

W*Ords* are the Souls Ambassadors, who go *on Words*
Abroad upon her Arrands to and fro.
They are the sole Expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are those Airy Keys that ope (and wrest
Sometimes) the Locks and Hinges of the Breast.
By *Them* the Heart makes Sallies: VVit and Sence
Belong to *Them*: *They* are the Quintessence
Of those Ideas which the Thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into *Accents* in whom lies
The Salt of Fancy, and all Faculties.

The World was fram'd by the *Eternal Word*,
VWho to each Creture did a name afford;
And such an Union made 'twixt *Words* and *Things*,
That ev'ry *Name* a *Nature* with it brings.

Words do involve the greatest mysteries:

By *Them* the Jew into his Cabal pries.

The Chymik says, In Stones, in Herbs, in *Words*,
Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords.

Nay, some have found the Glorious *Stars* to be

But *Letters* set in an Orthography

The Fate of Kings and Empires to foretel,

VVith all things els below, could we *them* spell.

That gran distinction between *Man* and *Brute*,

VVe may to *Language* chiefly attribute.

The Lyon roars, the Elephant doth bray;

The Bull doth bellow, and the Horse doth neigh:

Man speaks: 'Tis only man can *Words* create,

And cut the Air to sounds articulate

By Natures special Charter. Nay, *Speech* can

Make a shrewd discrepance 'twixt *Man* and *Man*.

It doth the Gentleman from Clown discover;

And from a Fool the grave Philosopher:

As *Solon* said to one in Judgement weak,

I thought thee wise until I heard thee speak.

For *Words* in man bear the most Critick part:

VVe speak by *Nature*, but speak well by *Art*.

And as good *Bells* we judge of by the sound,

So a *Wise* man by *Words* well plac'd is found.

Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,

VVhen 'mong the rest the *Tongue* would be a

Senec.

The

The Tounge's the *Rudder* which *mans* fancy guides;
 VVhilst on this worlds tempestuous *Seas* he rides.

Words are the Life of Knowledge; They set free,
 And bring forth *Truth* by way of Midwifry;
 The activ'st Cretures of the *teeming* Brain;
 The Judges who the *inward* man arraign:
Reasons chief Engin and Artillery
 To batter Error, and make *Falshood* fly:
 The Canons of the minde, who sometimes bounce
 Nothing but VVar, then Peace again pronounce.
 The *Rabbins* say, Such is the strength of VVords,
 That they make deeper VVounds then Spears or
 Swords.

This Book may then be call'd a Magazine
 Of *Arms* and *Words*: It keeps, and doth combine
 Four *Toungs*: 'tis like a Frame on divers VVheels;
 One follows still the other at the heels.
 The smooth *Italian*, and the nimble *Frank*,
 The long-lung'd *Spanish* march all in a rank:
 The *English* heads them, so commands the Van;
 And resongood in *this* Meridian.

But *Spain* brings up the Rear, because we know
 Her Counsels are so *long*, and Pace so slow.

*Upon the great Drammatical Work of B. and
Fletcher, publish'd 1646.*

WHat? Now the Stage is down, dar'st thou ap-
pear,

Bold Fletcher, on this tott'ring Hemispher?

Yes; Poets are like Palms, which the more weight
One casts upon them, grow more strong & streight.

'Tis not Joves Thunderbolt, or Mavors Spear,
Nor roaring Neptunes Trident Poets fear.

Had now Grim Ben been breathing, with what rage,
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd this Age?

Shakespear with Chapman had grown mad, and torn
The gentle Soc, and lofty Buskins worn

To make their Muse welter up to the Chin

In blood: Of fained Scams no need had bin

England, like Lucians Eagle, with an Arrow

Of her own Plumes piercing her heart quite thorow,

Had been the Tragic Scène, and subject fit

To exercise in real Truths their wit.

Yet, none like high-wing'd Fletcher had bin found

This Eagles dismal Destiny to found:

Rare Fletchers Quill had soar'd up to the Sky,

And drawn down Gods to see the Tragedy.

Live,

(27)

Live, famous *Drammatist*, let evry Spring
Make thy *Bay* flourish, and fresh *Bourgeons* bring:
And since we cannot have Thee tread the *Stage*,
VVe will applaud Thee in thy silent *Page*.

To his late Majesty, at the Dedication unto Him of
DODONAS GROVE,
O R

The VOCAL FOREST:

Wherein there were many Prophetical Passages.

IN times of yore, when Earth was yet but Clods, ^{on}
Trees for their Gardians had no less then Gods: ^{Trees}
Jove did protect the Oke, Bacchus the Vine; ^{presided}
Minerva said, The Olive shall be mine: ^{o'er by the Gods}
Venus the Myrtle for her Minion took;
Apollo would the Laurel overlook.
My Trees need no such Patrons; one mild glance
Of Cæsars eye, will best their Buds advance.

To her Majesty, now Queen-mother.

Bourgeon du Gran Bourbon, qui sous ses doux
rameaux
Maintint la France en Paix apres tant de travaux
Vinc

Vint Ans entiers , ayant en bonne guerre
 Les Princes Brouillons mis quatre fois en terre,
 J'ay ven souventes fois son Nom lussant en Marbre;
 Mais non pas engravè jusqu' à present en Arbre,
 Parmi ces Bois icy l' on trouvera (peut estre)
 Madame, Votre Nom * tail'è en grosse Lettre.

* Arhetiné (Virtuosa) Anagr. of Henrieta.

To Prince Charles, (now King.)

TO correspond now with the Verdant * Spring;
 And your Green yeers, the Top-branch of a King;
 A Bud shot from the Rose and Flower-de-Luce,
 The best of stems Earth yet did e'er produce;
 VVhat Present can I bring that more agrees
 Both with the season, and your yeers, then Trees?
 They soon will cast their leaves, and Autumn find,
 But may You shed nor leaves, nor blooms, nor rind,
 Till muffled with hoary Moss, you do behold
 Fair Cions from your self grow tall and old.

* Maii 2.

Before

Before the VOCAL FOREST,

To the knowing Reader,
Touching the Progress of Learning.

Science in India first her beams display'd,
And with the Rising Sun her self convey'd
Through Chaldee into Egypt; then *She* came
Among the Greeks, and so to Tyber Swam:
Whence clammering ore the Alps, these North-
west parts
She civiliz'd, and introduc'd the Arts.

In Albions woolly Isle, she welcom found,
Which for her Bards and *Druids* grew Renown'd
So call'd, because they commonly did use
On God and Natures works 'mongst Trees to Muse,
And fix their Speculations; for in Rind
Of Trees was Learning swaddled first, I find.
Th' Egyptian Priests, and Brackmans us'd of old
Their fancies in dark Characters to fold.
The Greeks and Latines us'd to Poetize
By Emblems, Fictions, and Mythologies:
For it was held a pleasing piece of Art,
Things Real under Shadows to impart.
Then be not rash in censure, if I strive
An ancient way of Fancy to revive;

While

*Learning
or
Science*

While *Dryd*-like conversing thus with Trees,
Under their bloomy shade I *Historize*.

Trees Trees were ordain'd for shadow, and I find
Their *Leafs* were the first vestment of Mankind.

To the Common Reader.

Opinion **O**pinion is that high and mighty Dame
Which rules the World, and in the *Mind*
doth frame

Disfast or *liking* : for in Humane Race,
She makes the *Fancy* various as the *Face*.
Sometimes the Father differs from the Son,
As doth the *Gospel* from the *Alcharen*,
Or *Leyola* from *Calvin*, which two brands,
In strange Combustions hurl fair *Europes* Lands.
So that amongst such Atomes of Mankind,
You scarce can *two* encounter of one mind.

This makes my *Trees* all *Aspen*, 'cause they must
Lie ope to ev'ry *Wind*, and vulgar *Gust* :
Yet, much they fear not any *Criticks* knocks,
Unless they chance to stumble 'mong the *blocks*.

—— *Ex quovis Stipite non fit*
Mercurius.

To the Critical Reader.

IF *Satyres* here you find, think it not strange;
 'Tis proper *Satyres* in the *Woods* should range:
 And for free Speech, why may not Verse or Prose
 Sit under *Trees* as safely as the *Rose*?
 Yet here is nothing, though a *Grand Inquest*
 You should Empannel, but may bide the Test:
 For *Petty Furies*, let the Reader know,
 Composures of *this kind* stoop not so low.

Touching the Vertu and Use
 Of
 Familiar Letters.

Love is the life of Friendship; Letters are
 The life of Love, the Load-stones that by rare
 Attraction make souls meet, and melt, and mix,
 As when by Fire exalted Gold we fix.

They are those wing'd Postillions that can fly *on Familiar Letters.*
 From the Antartic to the Artic Sky:
 The Heralds and swift Harbengers that move
 From East to West on Embassies of Love.
 They can the *Tropiks* cut, and cross the Line,
 And swim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine:

From

From Thames to Tagus; thence to Tyber run,
And terminat their journey with the Sun.

They can the Cabinets of Kings ^{review,} unscrue,
And hardest intricacies of State unclue.
They can the *Tartar* tell what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk*, doth on the Asian shore.
The *Knez* of them may know, what *Prestor John*
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone:
Which made the Indian *Inca* think, *They were*
Spirits who in white sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky *Goose* fav'd *Jove's* beleagred Hill
Once by her noise, but oftner by her *Quill*.
It twice prevented *Rome* was not ore-run
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can Plots though moulded under ground
Disclose, and their fell Complices confound:
Witness that *Fiery Pile* which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,
Tribunals, Church and Chappel, and had dride
The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride;
And parboyl'd the poor Fish, which from her Sands
Had been tofs'd up to the adjoining Lands.
Lawyers as *Vultures* had soar'd up and down;
Prelates like *Mag-pies* in the Air had flown,
Had not the *Eagles Letter* brought to light
That Subterranean horrid work of Night.

Credential

Credential *Letters* States and Kingdoms tie,
 And Monarchs knit in Lagues of Amitie;
 They are those Golden Links that do enchain
 Whole Nations, though discindd by the Main:
 They are the Soul of *Trade*; They make Com-
 merce

Expand it self throughout the Universe.

Letters may more then *History* inclose,
 The choicest Learning both in Verse and Prose:
 They Knowledg can unto our souls display
 By a more gentle and familiar way.

The highest points of *State and Policy*,
 The most severe parts of *Philosophy*,
 May be their subject, and their Themes enrich
 As well as *privat busineses*, in which
 Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet;
 Merchants Negotiat, the whole world meet.

In *Seneca's* rich *Letters* is inshrin'd
 What ere the ancient Sages left behind:
Tully makes *His* the secret symptomes tell
 Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* besel,
 When in her highest flourish she would make
 Her *Tyber* of the *Ocean* homage take.
 Great *Antonin* the Emperour did gain
 More Glory by his *Letters* then his Raig;
 His *Pen* out-lasts his *Pike*; each Golden Line
 In his *Epistles* doth his name inshrine.

D

Aurelius

Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
And *they* in chief immortalize his fame.

Words vanish soon, and vapour into Air,
While *Letters* on Record stand fresh and fair,
And tell our *Nephews* who to us were dear,
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.

The bashful Lover when his stammering Lips
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,
May boldly court his Mistress with the *Quill*,
And his hot passions to her breast instil:

The *Pen* can furrow a fond Females heart,
And pierce it more then *Cupids* feigned Dart.
Letters a kind of Magic Vertu have,
And like strong *Philtres* Human Souls inslave.

Speech is the *Index*, *Letters* *Idea's* are
Of the informing Soul: they can declare,
And shew the inward man, as we behold
A face reflecting in a Chrystal mould.
They serve the Dead and Living; they become
Attorneys and *Administers*. In sum:

Letters like Gordian Knots do Nations tie,
Else all commerce and love 'twixt men would
die.

To the Sagacious Reader.

U*T clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus;
Clanditur Hæc Cerâ, clauditur illa serâ.*

As Keys do open Chests,
So Letters open Brests.

Upon a Rare and Recent Persian

T R A G Y-H I S T O R Y.

1 6 5 5.

THis is an Age of Wonders; ev'ry Clime
Abounds with Prodigies: there is no Crime,
Not a notorious Villany or Fact,
Nor foul infamous Thing, or ugly Act,
That ever *Adams* Sons did perpetrate,
But we have flagrant instances of late.

For Sacrilege, and horrid Blasphemy;
Base Lyes, created Fears and Perjury;
For Scripture-pride, Extortion, Avarice,
(The root of all our ills, and leading vice)
For Public Frauds, False Lights, and Fatuous Fires,
Fanatic Fancies clad in Faiths attire;
For Politicians, if one could rake Hell,
He hardly there could find their parallel.

D 2

Did

Did *Machiavil*, or *Methro* live agen,
 They would be counted Saints match'd with these
 men :

For Murther, and the crying sin of Blood,
 The like, but one, was never since the Flood.

In some, we may for these, and thousands more,
 Vie Villanies with any Age before.

Nor is it *Europe* onely that doth breed
 Such Monsters, but the *Asian* Regions feed
 As bad ; witness this *Persian* Tragedy,
 Compil'd with so much Art and Energy :
 As if the Soul of *Ben*, of *Pond'rous Ben*,
 Did move in you, and guide both Brain and Pen :
 You make the Actors with such passion speak,
 As if the very Lines with Blood did reak.

Go on, brave Spark, improve thy Talent still,
 And gain more ground on the *Pierian* Hill.

An Elegie upon EDWARD *late Earl of*
Dorset, 1651.

Who died about the time of voting down the House
of P E E R S.

Lords have been long declining, (we well know)
And making their last Testaments: but now
They are *Defunct*, They are *extinguish'd* All,
And never like to rise by this *Lords* fall.

A Lord whose *Intellectuals* alone
Might make a House of *Peers*, and prop a Throne,
Had not so dire a Fate hung ore the Crown,
That *Priviledge*, *Prerogative* shold drown.

Where ere he fate he sway'd, and Courts did awe,
Gave *Bishops* Gospel, and the *Judges* Law
With such exalted Reasons which did flow
So cleer and strong, that made *Astrea* bow
To his Opinion: for where He did side,
Advantag'd more then half the *Bench* beside.

But is great *Sackvil* dead? Do we him lack?
And will not all the Elements wear *Black*?
Whereof he was compos'd a perfect Man,
As ever *Nature* in one frame did span.

D 3

Such.

charact

Such High-born thoughts, a Soul so large and free,
 So clear a *Judgement*, and vast *Memory*;
 So princely *Hospitable*, and brave mind,
 We must not think in haste on earth to find,
 Unless the *Times* wold turn to *Gold* agen,
 And Nature get new strength in forming men.

His *Person* with it such a state did bring,
 That made a *Court* as if he had been *King*.

Eliz. No wonder, since He was so near a kin
 To *Norfolks Duke*, and the great *Maiden Queen*;
 He courage had enough by conquering *One*,
 To have confounded that whole *Nation*:
 Those parts which *single* do in some appear,
 Were all *concentred* here in one bright *Sphear*:
 For *Brain*, *Toung*, *Spirit*, *Heart*, and *Personage*,
 To mould up such a *Lord* will ask an *Age*.

But how durst pale white-liverd Death seize on
 So dauntless and *heroick* a *Champion*?

Yes, To die once is that uncancell'd Debt
Which Nature claims, and raiseth by Escbet
On all Mankind by an old Statute past
Primo Adami, which will always last
Without Repeal; Nor can a second Lease
Be had of life, when the first term doth cease.

Mount, Noble Soul; among the *Stars* take place,
 And make a new *One* of so bright a *Race*

May *Jove* out-shine, that *Venus* still may be
 In a *benign Conjunction* with Thee,
 To check that *Planet* which on *Lords* hath lowr'd,
 And such *malign Influxes* lately pour'd.
 Be now a *Star* thy self for *those* which here
 Did on thy *Crest* and upper *Robe* appear :
 For thy *Director* take the *Star* we read,
 Which to thy *Saviours Birth* three *Kings* did lead.

A Corollary.

THUS have I blubber'd out some *Tears* and *Verse*
 On this *Renowned Heroe* and his *Herse* :
 And could my *Eyes* have dropt down *Perls* upon't
 In lieu of *Tears*, God knows I would have don't :
 But *Tears* are real, *Pearls* for their *Emblems* go,
 The *first* are fitter to express my *Wo*.
 Let this small *Mite* suffice, until I may
 A larger tribut to his *Ashes* pay :
 In the mean time this *Epitaph* shall shut,
 And to my *Elegy* a period put.

HERE lies a *Grandee*, by *Birth*, *Parts*, and *Mind*,
 Who hardly left his *Parallel* behind :
 Here lies the *Man of Men*, who should have been
 A *King*, An *Emperour*, bad *Fortune* seen.

Totus in Lachrymas solutus
 sic singultivit, J. H.

An
E P I T H A L A M I U M

*Upon the Nuptials of that Princely Pair, Henry
Lo. Marquiss of Dorchester,*

*And the Lady Katherine, Daughter to the late He-
roik Earl of Darby :*

*In a Dialog
Twixt Philemon and Sylvius.*

Philemon.

a Bride **W**Hat Object's that which I behold
Dazzling my Eyes with Gems and Gold ?
Her Face, me thinks, darts such a Ray
That adds more brightness to the Day :
Her Breath perfumes the place, Her Curls and Hair
Like Indian Spice Aromatize the Air.
A sparkling White and Black breaks from her sight
Like to the Diamonds redoubling light ;
As she doth walk the very ground and stone,
Turn to Field-*Argent* which she treads upon.

A Mortal sure she cannot be,
But some transcending Deity.

My dearest *Sylvius*, pray unfold
Who's that rare Creature I behold ?

Sylvius.

(41)

Sylvius.

She is a Princess and a Bride
Goes to the Temple to be tide
In Nuptial Bonds ; Her Stars will not permit
That at the Vestal fires she longer sit.
She's *Derby's* Royal Blood, *Derby le Gran*,
And now she travels to the *Ile of Man*.
She of the Princely *Orenge* is a Branch,
Imp'd on the high *Trimouillan* stem of *France*,
Two of the fairest Kingdoms strove, and tride
Their utmost to compleat this lovely Bride.
'Tis *She* which makes 'twixt Gems and Gold
That Constellation you behold.

Philemon.

But who's that comely *Sanguin* Peer
Which on her heart-side walks so neer ?
He likewise makes all *Argent* as he goes :
Look at his feet how thick the *Cinqfoyl* grows.

Sylvius.

'Tis wife and wealthy *Pierrpoint*, who renowns
With *Titles* three of *Englands* chiefeſt Towns :
A precious *Pond'rous* Lord, whose sole Estate
A *Jury* of new *Barons* might create,

Patron

(42)

Patron of Vertu, Chivalry and Arts,
Cause he himself excels in all these parts.
’Tis he who by the hand doth hold
That Demi-Goddes you behold.

Philemon.

Is’t so? then my *Autumnal* Muse shall sing
An Hymenæum, and fetch back her *Spring*.
This subject a fresh vigor doth inspire,
And heats my brain with an unusual fire.

An

H Y M E N Æ U M,

Or

Bridal-Sonet :

*Consisting of four Stanzas, and to be sung by three
Voices, according to a choice Air set thereupon,*

By Mr. Will. Webb.

I Chorus.

*nuptial
wish.* **M**ay all felicity betide
This Princely Bridegroom and his Bride.
May those Delights this Morn shall bring
Be endless, as their Nuptial Ring.

May

May they be constant, and exceed
 Each others Wishes, Hopes and Creed.
 May the three Regions of the Air
 Pour showres of Blessings on this Pair,
 May *Sol* and *Cynthia* with their Rays
Silver their Nights, and *Gild* their Days,

2 *Chorus.*

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,
 This Noble Marquis and His Mate.

An HYMENÆUM.

2 *Stanza.*

YE gentle Nymphs of *Trent* and *Dee*
 Make haste to this solemnity :
 Your streams and beds now meet in one
 By this High-sprung Conjunction.
 Ye Wood-Nymphs who green Garlands wear
 In *Shirewood* Launds and *Delamer* ;
 Ye Dames of *Helicon* attend,
 And *Graces* your sweet presence lend ;
Lucina come, and pray there be
 Employment in due time for thee.

Chorus.

(44)

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An HYMENÆUM.

3 Stanza.

May they such gallant Males produce,
Both to the *Rose* and *Flowerdeluce*;
That *Englands* Chivalry and *French*
May multiply, and bourgeon hence:
Whose Branches shooting ore the Main,
May knit and blossome here again,
That *Pierrpoints* Lyon and *Cingfoyl*,
May ramp and root in every Soyl:
Nor may their Noble Race wear out
Till *Plato's* great year wheel about.

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An

An HYMENÆUM.

4 Stanza,

Closing with a serious Gradual Voice

May all the *Elements* conspire
 To make them bless'd in their desire.
 May all the *Stars* on them reflect
 Their mildest looks in *Trine Aspect*.
 May all the *Angels* them defend
 From evry thing doth ill portend.
 May *Angels, Stars, and Elements,*
 Afford them such compleat contents,
 That they have nothing els to wish
 But a *Persueverance* of Bliss.

Chorus.

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,
 This Noble Marquess, and his Mate.

*A Poem Heroique,**Presented to his late Majesty for a New-years-Gift.*

THe Worlds All-lightning Ey had now begun
 Through warry *Capricorn* his course to run :
 Old *Janus* hastned on, his Temples bound
 With *Ivy*, his gray hairs with *Holly* crown'd,
 When in a serious quest my Thoughts did muse
 What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse
 To *Britains* Monarch (my dread Sovereign) bring,
 Which might supply a *New-years* Offering ;
 I rummag'd all my stores, search'd all my Cells,
 Where nought appear'd, God wot, but *Bagatels* :
 No far-fetch'd Indian *Gem* cut out of Rock,
 Or fish'd in shells were trusted under lock :
 No piece which *Angelo's* strong fancy hit,
 Or *Titians* Pensil, or rare *Hylliards* Wit :
 No *Ermins*, or black *Sables*, no such skins
 As the grim *Tartar* hunts, or takes in gins ;
 No *Medals*, or rich stuff of *Tyrian* Dy ;
 No costly *Bowls* of frosted *Argent*ry :
 No curious *Land-skip*, or some *Marble* Piece
 Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or els-where in *Greece*.
 No *Roman* Perfumes, *Buffs* or *Cordovans*
 Suppled with *Amber* by *Moreno's* hands :

No

No *Arras* or rich *Carpets* freighted ore
 The Surging Seas from *Asia's* doubtful shore,
 No *Lyons Cub*, or Beast of strange Aspect,
 Which in *Numidia's* fiery Womb had slept.
 No old *Toledo Blades*, or *Damaskins*;
 No *Pistols*, or some rare-spring'd *Carrabins*.
 No *Spanish Ginet*, or choice Stallion sent
 From *Naples*, or hot *Africs* Continent.

In fine, I nothing found I could descry
 Worthy the hands of *Cesar* or his Ey.

My Wits were at a stand, when lo, my Muse
 (None of the *Quire*, but such as they do use
 For *Laundresses* or *Handmaids* of mean rank,
 I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)
 Did softly Buz, ———

Muse.

—— Then let Me something bring
 May hanſel the New-year to *Charles* my King,
 May usher in *bifronted Janus*.

Poet.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly thing
 Which 'mongst the Shrubs & Reeds doſt uſe to ſing,
 Dar'ſt thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,
 And venture on a King with gingling Rime?

Though

Though all thy Words wer Perls, and Letters Gold,
 And cut in Rubies, or cast in a mould
 Of Diamonds, yet still thy *Lines* would be
 Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

Muse.

Ile try, and hope to pass without disdain,
 In New-years-Gifts the *Mind* stands for the *Main*:
 The Sophy, finding twas *well meant*, did daign
 Few drops of *running-water* from a Swain.
 Then sure, 'twil please my *Leige* if I him bring
 Some gentle drops from the *Castalian* Spring:
 Though Rarities I want of such account,
 Yet have I something on the *Forked mount*.
 'Tis not the first, or third access I made
 To *Cæsars* feet, and thence departed glad:
 For as the Sun with his male heat doth render
Nile's muddy slime fruitful, and apt t' engender,
 And daily to produce new kind of Cretures
 Of various shapes, and thousand differing features:
 So is my fancie quickned by the glance
 Of his benign aspect and countenance,
 It makes me pregnant, and to superfate;
 Such is the vigour of his beams and heat.

Once in a *Vocal Forrest* I did sing,
 And made the *Oak* to stand for *Charles* my King

The

The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)
 The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.
 There you shall also finde Dame *AR ETINE* ,
 Great *Henries* Daughter, and great *Britains* Queens;
 Her Name engraven in a *Lawrel* Tree,
 And so transmitted to Eternity ;
 For now I hear *That Grove* speaks besides *Mine* ,
 The Language of the *Loire*, the *Po*, and *Rhine* ;
 And to my *Prince* (my sweet *Black Prince*) of late
 I did a youthful subject dedicate:
 Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*
 Will yeild me *fruit* to pay *Apollo's* Fees,
 To offer up whole Hecatombs of praise
 To *Cesar*, if on them he cast his raies :
 And if my *Lamp* have *Oyl*, I may compile
 The Modern Annals of great *Albions* Isle,
 To vindicate the truth of *Charles* his Raig
 From scribbling *Pamphletors*, who story stain
 With loose imperfect passages, and thrust
 Lame things upon the world, t'ane up in trust.

I have had audience (in another strain)
 Of *Europes* greatest Kings, when *German* Main,
 And the *Cantabrian* waves I cross'd, I drank
 Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sate at *Tibers* bank:
 Through *Scylla* and *Carybdis* I have steer'd,
 Where restless *Aetna* belching flames appeer'd.

E

By

By *Greece*, once *Pallas Garden*, then I past,
 Now all ore-spread with Ignorance and Wast :
 Nor hath fair *Europe* her vast bounds throughout,
 An *Academe* of Note I found not out.

But now, I hope, in a successful prore,
 The Fates have fix'd me on sweet *Englands* shore ;
 And by these various wandrings tru I found,
Earth is our common *Mother*, evry ground
 May be ones Country, for by birth each man
 Is in this world a *Cosmopolitan*,
 A free-born Burgeſs, and receivs thereby
 His Denization from Nativity.

Nor is this Lower World but a huge Inn,
 And *men* the rambling paſſengers, wherein
 Some, warm Lodgings find, and that as soon
 As out of *Natures* Cloſſets they ſee Noon,
 And find the Table ready laid ; but ſome
 Muſt for their Commons trot, and trudge for room
 With eaſie pace ſome clime *Promotions Hill* ;
 Some in the *Dile*, do what they can, ſtick ſtill :
 Some through falſe Glaſſes *Fortune* ſmiling ſpy,
 Who ſtill keeps off, though ſhe appears hard by :
 Some like the *Oſtrich* with their wings do flutter,
 But cannot fly or ſoar above the Gutter :
 Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Cape*,
 Some nere can do't, though the ſame courſe they
 Take :

So that poor Mortals are so many Balls
Toss'd some ore Line, some *under* Fortunes walls.

And it is Heavens high plesure *Man* should ly
Obnoxious to this partiality ,
That by industrious ways he should contend
Natures short pittance to improve and mend.

Now *Industry* nere fail'd at last t' advance
Her patient *Sons* above the reach of *Chance*.

Poet.

But whither rov'st thou thus ——— ?

Well, since I see thou art so strongly bent,
And of a Gracious Look so confident ;
Go, And throw down thy self at *Cæsars* feet,
And in thy best attire thy Sovereign greet :
Go, an auspicious and most blissful year
With him, as ere shin'd ore this Hemisphear ;
Good may the *Entrance*, better the *Middle* be,
And the *Conclusion* best of all the three.

Of Joy ungrudg'd may each day be a debter,
And evry Morn still usher in a better ;
May the soft-gliding *Nones*, and evry *Ide*,
With all the *Calends*, still some good betide ;
May *Cynthia* with kind looks, and *Phæbus* rays
One clear his Nights, the other gild his Days :
Free Limbs, unphysik'd Health, due Appetite,
Which no Sawce els but *Hunger* may excite :

E 2

Sound

Sound Sleeps, *green* Dreams be *His*, which represent
 Symptomes of Health, and the next days content:
 Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound
 To Councel, or in deep Idea's drown'd:
 (Though such late traverses and tumults might
 Turn to a lump of care, the Airiest wight.)
 And since while fragile flesh doth us array,
 The *Humours* still are combating for sway
 (Which, were they free of this Reluctancie,
 And counter-pois'd, Man wold *immortal* be.)
 May *Sanguin* ore the rest predominate
 In *Him*, and their malignant flux abate.

May his great *Queen*, in whose imperious Ey
 Reigns such a world of winning Majesty
 Like the rich Olive, or *Falernian* Vine,
 Swell with more Gems of *Cions* Masculine;
 And as her *Fruit* sprung from the *Rose* and *Luce*,
 (The best of *Stems* Earth yet did ere produce)
 Is ti'd already by a *Sanguin* Lace,
 To all the Kings of *Europes* high-born Race;
 So may they shoot their youthful *Branches* ore
 The Surging Seas, and graff with evry shore.

May home-commerce and Trade encrease from
 That both the *Indies* meet within his bar^s, (far,
 And bring in mounds of *Coin* his *Mints* to feed,
 And Banquers (Traffics chief Supporters) breed,
 Which

Which may enrich his Kingdoms, Court & Town,
 And *ballast* still the Coffers of the Crown :
 For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Chests
 The Ballast, which if empty, when distressed
 With storms, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the
 Keel

Can run no steady course, but toss and reel.

May his *Imperial Chamber* always ply
 To his desires her wealth to multiply,
 That she may prize his Royal Favours more
 Then all the wares fetch'd from the great *Mogor*.
 May the *grand Senate*, with the *Subjects right*,
 Put in the counter-Scale the *Regal might*
 The flowres o'th' Crown, that they may prop each
 other,

And like the Grecians *Twin* live, love together :
 For the chief glory of a people is
 The power of their King, as *Theirs* is *His*.

May he be still *within himself* at home,
 That no just Passion make the Reason roam :
 Yet *Passions* have their turns to rouse the Soul,
 And stir her slumb'ring spirits, not *controul*.
 For as the Ocean beside Ebb and Flood
 (Which Natures greatest *Clerk* ne're under-
 stood)

Is not for sail, if an impregning wind
 Fill not the flagging Canvas ; so a mind

Too calm, is not for Action, if desire
Heats not its self at *Passions* quickning fire :
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster
Her *Passions*, so they onely blow, not bluster.

May *Justice* still in her true Scales appear,
And *Honour* fix'd in no unworthy Sphear,
Unto whose Palace all access shold have
Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.

✓ May his tru subjects *hearts* be his chief Fort,
Their *Purse* his Trefure, and their *Love* his Port ;
Their Prayers as sweet Incence to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.

And now that his glad presence did assuage
Scotl. That fearful Tempest in the North did rage :
May those Frog-vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty,
That the *Hybernian* Lyre give such a sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful *Eccbo's* bound.

✓ And when this fatal Planet leaves to lowr,
Which too too long on *Monarchies* doth powr
His direful influence, may *Peace* once more
Descend from *Heaven* on our tottering shore,
And ride in triumph both on Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steeds draw CHARLES
his Wain :

That so for those *Saturnian* times of old,
An Age of *Perl* may come in lieu of *Gold*.

Vertu

Vertu still guide his course ; and if there be
 A thing as *Fortune* Him accompany.
 May no ill *Genius* haunt him, but by's side
 The best *protecting-Angel* ever bide.

May *He* go on to vindicate the right
 Of Holy things, and make the Temple bright,
 To keep that *Faith*, that sacred *Truth* entire,
 Which he receiv'd from *Solomon* his Sire :
 And since we all must hence by th' Ir'n Decree
 Stamp'd in the Black Records of Destiny,
 Late may his Life, his Glory nere wear out,
 Till the great year of *Plato* wheel about.

Before
 The History of
 N A P L E S,
 Called,
 P A R T H E N O P E,
 Or,
 The Virgin - City.

Salve Parthenope, Decora Salve.

P *Arthenope*, a City bright as Gold,
 Or if the Earth could bear a richer Mold,
 Is come to greet *Great Britain*, (Queen of Iles)
 And to exchange some *Silks* for *Wool*: She smiles
 To find that *Cloath* shold wear and feel so fine
 As do her *Grograns*; she doth half repine
 That *Lemsters Ore*, and Spires of fallow'd Grass
 The Leafs of *Mulberries* should so surpass
 Which so abound in Her, with evry thing
 Which pleasure, wealth, or wonderment can bring,
 That *Nature* seems to strive how she shold please
Herself, or *Us* with rare varieties.

There

(57)

There her own Bawd to be she may be said,
As if the Wanton with her self she plaid.

Let *England* then strow *Rushes* all the way
To welcome in the fair *Parthenopay*:
For I dare say, she never yet came ore
In such a *Garb* to visit any shore.

Of the most curious

Gardens, Groves, Mounts, Arbours, &c.

Contriv'd, and lately made by

The Lord Vicount Killmorry,

At Dutton-Hall in Cheshire.

A Prosopopœia to Cheshire.

C*heshire, thou Shire of Men, of Mines & Mounts,
Of Squires and Barons, Palatines and Counts,
Of curious Groves and Arbours, Walks & Woods,
Prophetique Trees and Castles, Founts and Floods,
Of stately Dee, whereon in times of yore,
Four Kings an English Monarch row'd ashore.*

Dee

Dee who runs sporting through thy wanton Vales,
 Descending proudly from high-crested *Wales*.
 More Rarities thou hast, could they be told
 Then once thy Roman *Legion* was of old;
 Which here I will not venture to inclose,
 Th' are fitter for a Volume in rich Prose. (Hall,

But now, 'mong thy choice Landskips *Dutton-*
For Mount, Grove, Arbour, Well, surpasseeth all.

Killmorry Mount with *Morball's Grove*, *Ann's Well*,
 And *Dutton Arbour* bear away the Bell;
 A *Mount*, which all the *Muses* might invite,
 And make them *Parnasse-Hill* abandon quite.
 A *Grove*, which chaste *Diana* with her train,
 And all the Nymphs of *Greece* might entertain:
 A *Well* for Vertue, which defiance bids
 To all, except her Neighbour *Winefrids*
 Whose rare Sanative Waters are so pure
 That sundry sorts of Maladies can cure.
 Oh, could they cure the madness that now raigns,
 The odd *Vertigo* which distracts the Brains
 Of many thousands, that *Lycanthropy*,
 Turns men to wolfs by strange Transformity!
 A Transformation *England* never knew,
 Till she brought forth this *Hell-bred ugly Crew*;
 Such a prodigious *Metamorphosis*,
 Poor baffled *England* never felt like this.

And

And as this Princely seat so much excels,
 So do the *Lord* and *Lady* who there dwells;
 A brave wife *Peer*, a gallant fruitful *Dame*;
 Both of a taintless and far-spreading fame,
 Bless'd with an Off-spring numerous and fair;
 The *Gerards* hence, the *Needhams* have an Heir,
 And *Duttons* too: three ancient Families
 From this *Prolifque Hall* now have their rise.

In sum: This *Noble Lady* and her *Peer*,
 Of any Earthly Mortals come most neer,
 In point of Happiness and state of Bliss,
 To those white souls who peeple *Paradis*.

Before that Exquisit large Peece,

A Survey.

Of the City and Signory of Venice.

Could any State on Earth immortal be,
Venice by her rare Government is she.
Venice, great *Neptunes Minion*, still a *Maid*,
 Though by the *Warlik's* Potentats essay'd,
 Yet she retains her Virgin-water pure,
 Nor any forraign mixtures can endure,
 Though, *Syren-like*, on Shore and Sea, her face
 Enchants all those whom once she doth embrace.
 Nor

Nor is there any can her Beauty prize
But he who hath beheld her with his eyes.

These following Leaves display, if well observ'd,
How she so long her *Maiden-head* preserv'd ;
How for sound Prudence she still bore the Bell,
Whence may be drawn this high-fetch'd parallel:

Venus and *Venice* are, Great *Queens* in their degree ;
Venus is *Queen of Love*, *Venice* of *Policy*.

A Fit of

M O R T I F I C A T I O N.

1. **W**Eak crazy *Mortal*, why dost fear
To leave this Earthly Hemisphear ?
Where all delights away do pass
Like thy Effigies in a Glafs,
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle ;
Death sweeps away what *Time* cuts with his sickle.

2. This Life at best is but an Inn,
And we the Passengers, wherein
The Cloth is laid to some, before
They peep out of Dame Natures dore,
And warm Lodgings find, Others there are
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.

3. This

3. This Life's at longest but one day :
 He who in *Youth* posts hence away
 Leaves us i' th' *Morn* ; He who hath run
 His race till *Manhood*, parts at *Noon* ;
 And who at seventy odd forsakes this light,
 He may be said to take his leave at *Night*.
4. One paeft makes up the Prince and Peafan,
 Though one eat Roots, the other Feafan :
 They nothing differ in the *Stuff*,
 But both extinguish like a Snuff.
 Why then, fond Man, shold thy soul take dismay
 To fall out of these gross walls of Clay ?
-

A

Lovers Protestation.

First shall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to
 shine,
 The Stars shall from the Azur'd Sky decline :
 First shall the Orient with the West shake hand,
 The Centre of the World shall cease to stand :
 First Wolves shall ligue with Lambs, the Dolphins
 The Lawyer and Physitian Fees deny : - (fly,
 The

The *Thames* with *Tagus* shall exchange her bed,
 My *Mistriss* locks with mine shall first turn red :
 First Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,
 Ere *I* inconstant to my *Delia* prove.

*Upon Himself, having been buried alive for many
 years in the Prison of the Fleet,*

*By the State or Long Parliament
 For his Loyalty.*

Here lies intomb'd a Walking Thing,
 Whom *Fortune*, with the *State* did fling
 Between these Walls. Why? Ask not that ;
 They both being *blind*, know not for what.

*A Gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the
 Honour of the Holy Name of God.*

1. **L**et the vast Universe,
 And therein evry thing
 The mighty Acts rehearse
 Of their immortal King,
 His Name extol,
 What to *Nadir*,
 From *Zenith* stir,
 'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. Ye

2. Ye *Elements* that move,
 And alter evry hour,
 Yet herein constant prove,
 And symbolize all four :
 His praise to tell,
 Mix all in one,
 For Air and Tone,
 To sound this Peal.

3. *Earth*, which the Centre art,
 And onely standest still,
 Yet move, and bear thy part,
 Resound with *Ecchoes* thrill.
 Thy *Mines* of Gold,
 With Precious Stones,
 And Unions,
 His fame uphold.

4. Let all thy fragrant *Flowers*
 Grow sweeter by this Air ;
 Thy tallest Trees and Bowers
 Bud forth and blossom fair :
 Beasts wild and tame,
 Whom Lodgings yeild,
 House, Dens or Field,
 Collaud his Name.

5. Ye

5. Ye *Seas* with Earth that make
 One Globe flow high, and swell,
 Exalt your *Makers* Name,
 In Deep his Wonders tell :

Leviathan,
 And what doth swim
 Neer Bank or Brim,
 His Glory scan.

6. Ye *Airy Regions* all,
 Joyn in a sweet concent ,
 Blow such a Madrigal
 May reach the *Firmament* :

Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
 And perly Drops
 That hang on Crops,
 His Wonders show.

7. Pure *Element of Fire*,
 With holy sparks inflame
 This Sublunary Quire,
 That all one Confort frame.

Their spirits raise
 To Trumpet forth
 Their *Makers* worth,
 And sound his praise.

8. Ye

8. Ye *glorious Lamps* that rous
 In your Cœlestial Sphears,
 All under his controul,
 Who you on Poles up-bears;
 Him magnifie,
 Ye Planets bright,
 And fixed Lights
 That deck the Skie.

9. O Heav'n *Chrystalline*,
 Which by the Watry hue
 Dost temper and refine
 The rest in Azur'd Blue :
 His Glory sound,
 Thou first Mobeel;
 Which mak'ft all wheel
 In circle round.

10. Ye *Glorious Souls* who reign
 In sempiternal Joy,
 Free from that flesh and pain,
 Which here did you annoy,
 And him behold;
 In whom all Bliss
 Concentred is;
 His laud unfold.

F

ai. Bless'd

11. *Bless'd Maid* which dost surmount
 All Saints and Seraphims,
 And raig'n'st as Paramount,
 And chief of Cherubims ;
 Chaunt out his praise,
 Who in thy Womb
 Nine monerhs took room,
 Though crown'd with rays.

12. Oh let my *Soul* and *Heart*,
 My *Mind* and *Memory*
 Bear in this Hymn a part,
 And joyn with Earth and Sky.
 Let evry VVight,
 The whole world ore,
 Laud and adore
 The Lord of Light.

Upon a Beautiful Valentine.

A Sonnet.

Could I charm the Queen of Loves
 To lend a Quill of her white Doves,

Or one of *Cupids* pointed wings,
Dipt in the fair *Castalian* springs:

Then wold I write the All-divine
Perfections of my *Valentine*.

As mongst all flowers the *Rose* excels,
As *Amber* mongst the fragrant'st smells,
As mongst all Minerals the *Gold*,
As *Marble* mongst the finest Mold,
As *Diamonds* mongst Jewels bright,
As *Cynthia* mongst the lesser lights;
So mong the Northern Beauties shine,
So far excels my *Valentine*.

In *Rome* and *Naples* I did view
Faces of Cœlestial hue;
Venetian Dames I have seen many,
(lonely saw them, touch'd not any)
Of *Spanish* Beauties, *Dutch* and *French*
I have beheld the *Quintessence*;
Yet saw I none that could out-shine,
Or Parallel my *Valentine*.

Th' *Italians* they are coy and quaint,
But they grossly daub and paint;
The *Spanish* kind are apt to please,
But sav'ring of the same disease;

Of *Dutch* and *French* some few are comely,
 The *French* are light, the *Dutch* are homely :
 Let *Tagus*, *Po*, the *Loire* and *Rhine*
 Then vail unto my *Valentine*.

Here may be seen pure white and red,
 Not by feign'd *Art*, but *Nature* wed;
 No simpering smiles, no mimic face,
 Affected jesture, or forc'd face :
 A fair-smooth front, free from least wrinkle,
 Her eyes (Oy me) like Stars do twinkle.
 Thus all perfections do combine
 To beautifie my *Valentine*.

Upon Black Eyes, and Becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
 My ill or happy Destiny :
 If with clear looks you me behold,
 You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold ;
 If you dart forth disdainful rays,
 To your own *dy* you turn my days.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

That *Lamp* which all the Stars doth blind,
 Yields to your lustre in some kind,
 Though you do wear to make you bright
 No other drefs but that of *Night*.
 He glitters onely in the *Day*,
 You in the *Dark* your beams display.

Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by changes dwell
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

The cunning Thief that lurks for prize,
 At some *Dark Corner* watching lies :
 So that heart-robbing God doth stand
 In your Black Lobbies shaft in hand,
 To rifle me of what I hold
 More precious far then *Indian Gold*.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

O powerful *Negromantic Eyes*,
 Who in your Circles strictly pries,
 Will find that *Cupid* with his Dart
 In you doth practise the *Black Art* ;
 And by those Spells I am possest,
 Tries his conclusions in my Brest.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

Look on me, though in *frowning* wife;
 Some kind of frowns become *Black Eyes*
 As pointed *Diamonds* being set,
 Cast greater lustre out of *Fet*;
 Those pieces we esteem most rare
 Which in *night-shadows* postur'd are:
Darkness in Churches *Congregate* the light
 Devotion *straies* in glaring *light*.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
 My Bane or *Bliss*, my *Paradis* or *Hell*.

Upon Clorinda's Mask.

SO have I seen the Sun in his full pride
 Ore-cast with sullen Clouds, and loose his light;
 So have I seen the brightest Stars denide
 To shew their lustre in some gloomy Night:
 So Angels pictures have I seen vail'd ore,
 That more devoutly men should them adore:
 So with a Mask I saw *Clorinda* hide
 Her face more bright then was the *Lemnian* Bride

Upon Dr. Davies British-Grammar.

TWas a rough Task, believe it, thus to tame
 A wild and *Wealthy* Language, and to frame
 Grammatic toiles to curb her, so that she
 Now speaks by *Rules*, and sings by *Prosodie*:
Such is the strength of Art rough things to shape,
And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.

Doubtless much Oyl and Labour went to couch
 Into Methodic Rules the rugged *Dutch*:
 The *Rabbies* pass my reach, but judge I can
 Something of *Clenard* and *Quintilian*;
 And for those Modern Dames I find they three
 Are onely lops cut from the *Latian* Tree;
 And easie 'twas to square them into parts,
 The Tree it self so blossoming with Arts.
 I have been shewn for Irish and Bascuence,
 Imperfect Rules couch'd in an *Accidence*:
 But I find none of these can take the start
 Of *Davies*, or that prove more *Men of Art*,
 Who in exacter *Method* and clear way,
 The *Idioms* of a *Language* do display.

This is the *Toung* the *Birds* sung in of old,
 And *Dryds* their dark *Knowledg* did unfold:

Merlin in *this* his Prophecies did vent,
Which through the world of fame bear such extent.

This spake that Son of *Mars*, that *Britain* bold
Who first 'mongst Christian-Worthies is inroll'd :

This *Brennus*, who, to his desire and glut,

This *Mistress* of the world did prostitut.

This *Arviragus* and King *Catarac*

Sole free, when all the world was on *Romes* rack.

This *Lucius* who on Angels wings did soar

To *Rome*, and would wear Diadem no more.

With thousand *Hero's* more, which shold I tell,

This New-year scarce wold serve me : So fare well

Upon Christmas-Day.

1. **H**ail Holy Tide,
Wherein a Bride,
A *Virgin* (which is more)
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done
Nere in the World before.

2. Hail, Spotless Maid ;
Who thee upbraid
To have been born in *Sin*,

Do little weigh
 What in thee lay,
 Before thou didst *Lie-in.*

3. Three monerhs thy Wombe
 Was made the Dome
 Of *Him*, whom Earth nor Air,
 Nor the vast mold
 Of Heaven can hold,
 Cause he's *Ubiquitair.*

4. O would he daign
 To rest and raign
 I' th' centre of my heart,
 And make it still
 His Domicil,
 And Residence in part.

5. But in so foul a Cell
 Can he abide to dwell?
 Yes, when he please to move
 His Harbenger to sweep the Room,
 And with rich Odours it perfume
 Of *Faith*, of *Hope*, of *Love*.

Upon

Upon my Honour'd Friend and F.

Mr. Ben. Johnson.

ANd is thy Glasse run out? is that Oyl spent
Which light to such strong finewy labours
Well *Ben*, I now perceive that all the *Nines* (lent?
Though they their utmost forces shold combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst *Nights three Daughters*, but
One still must *spin*, one *twist*, the other *cut*;

Yet in despite of *Distaff*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,
Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a *Life*;
Which like thy Bays shall flourish evry Age,
While *Sock* or *Buskin* shall ascend the Stage.

Sic vaticinatur

J. H.

*For the admitting Mistriss Anne King to be
the tenth Muse.*

Ladies of *Helicon*, do not repine
I add one more unto your Number Nine

To

To make it even: I among you bring
 No meaner then the Daughter of a King;
 Fair *Basil-Ana*: quickly pass your voice,
 I know *Apollo* will approve the choice,
 And gladly her install, for I could name
 Some of less merit *Goddeses* became.

A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity.

To the first Person.

TO thee, Dread Sovereign, and dread Lord,
 Which out of Nought didst me afford
 Essence and Life, who mad'st me Man,
 And oh, much more a *Christian*.

Lo, from the centre of my heart,

All Laud and Glory I impart.

Hallelujah.

To the Second.

TO Thee blessed Saviour who didst free

My Soul from Satans Tyranny,

And madst her capable to be

An Angel of thy Hierarchy:

From the same Centre do I raise

All Honour and immortal Praise.

Hallelujah.

To

To the Third.

TO Thee sweet *Spirit* I return
 That Love wherewith my heart doth burn,
 And these bless'd Notions of my Brain
 I now breath up to thee again :
 O let them redescend, and still
 My Soul with holy Raptures fill.

*Hallelujah.**A short Ejaculation.*

O God, who can those Passions tell
 Wherewith my heart to Thee doth swell ?
 I cannot better them declare
 Then by the Wish made by that rare
Aurelian Bishop, who of old
 Thy Oracles in *Hippo* told.

If I were *Thou*, and Thou wert *I*,
 I would resigne the *Deity* :
 Thou sholdst be *God*, I wold be *Man* ;
 Is't possible that love more can ?
 Oh pardon, that my Soul hath tane
 So high a flight, and grows prophane.

A Hymn of Mortification.

1. **L**ord I cry,
 Lord I fly

To thy Throne of Grace:

This World is irksome unto me:

In my mind

stings I find

Of that dismal place,

Where pains still growing young nere die.

O thou whose clemency

Reacheth from Earth to Sky,

Set my sins from me as wide

As is East

From the West,

Or the Court of Bliss

From the Infern Abyss,

So far let us asunder ever bide.

2. **A**ngels blest,
 With the rest

Of that Heavenly Quire,

Which Halleluja's always sing:

Fain wold I

Mount on high,

And

And those seats aspire,
 Where evry Season is a constant Spring.
 O Thou who thought'st no scorn
 To be in *Bethlem* born,
 Though grand Monarch of the Sky
 Through a Flood
 Of thy Blood
 Let me safely dive,
 And at that Port arrive,
 Where I may ever rest from shipwrack free.

3. **F** *Aith and Hope,*
 Take your scope,
 And my Pilots be
 To waft me to this blisful Bay :
 Gently guide
 Through the tide
 Of mans misery,
 My Bark that it loose not the way.
 When landed I shall be
 At that Port, pardon me
 If I bid you both farewell,
 Onely *Love*
 Reigns above
 'Mong Coelestial Souls,
 Where Passion not controuls,
 Nor any thing but *Charity* doth dwell.

4. **L**ord of light,
 In thy fight
 Are those Mounts of Bliss
 Which Humane Brains transcends so far,
 Ear nor Ey
 Can descry,
 Nor heart fully wish,
 Or Tongs of Men and Saints declare
 Those Sense-surmounting Joys
 That free from all annoys
 For those few up-treasur'd lie,
 Which ere Sun
 Shone at Noon,
 Have their Names enroll'd
 In Characters of Gold,
 Through the white Volume of *Eternity*.

A Holy

R A P T U R E.

Could I screw up my Brain so high
 With soaring Raptures that might fly
 Unto the Empirean Sky,

How

How would I laud the Lord of light,
Who fills all things, and every Wight
With Plenty, Vigour and Delight?

My Voice with Hallelujahs loud
Should pierce, and dissipate the *Clouds*,
Which in the Airie Region croud.

Then through the Element of *Fire*
Unto the *Stars* they should aspire,
And so to the *Seraphick Quire*.

Thus Earth and Sky with every thing
Should joyn with me, and Carrols sing
Unto the *Everlasting King*.

An

E J A C U L A T I O N

To my

C R E A T O R.

AS the parch'd Field doth thirst for Rain
When the Dog-star makes Sheep and Swain
Of an unusual Drowth complain,
So *thirsts* my Heart for Thee.

As

As the chac'd Deer doth pant and bray
 After some brook, or cooling Bay
 When Hounds have worried her astray,
 So *pants* my Heart for Thee,

As the forsaken Dove doth mone
 When her beloved Mate is gone,
 And never rests while self alone,
 So *mones* my Heart for Thee.

Or as the Teeming Earth doth mourn
 In Black (like Lover at an Urn)
 Till *Titan's* quickning Beams return,
 So do I *mourn, mone, pant* and *thirst*
 For Thee who art my *Last* and *First*.

Upon a Fit of
D I S C O N S O L A T I O N,
or Despondency of Spirit.

EArly and late, both night and day,
 By Moon-shine and the Suns bright Ray,
 When spangling Stars emboss'd the Sky,
 And deck'd the Worlds vast Canopy,
 I sought the Lord of Light and Life,
 But Oh my Lord kept out of sight.

G

As

As at all *Times*, so evry *Place*
 I made my *Church* to seek his Face :
 In Forests, Chases, Parks and Woods,
 On Mountains, Meadows, Fields and Floods,
 I fought the Lord of Life and Light,
 But still my Lord kept out of fight.

On *Neptun's* back, when I could see
 But few pitch'd planks 'twixt Death and me,
 In Freedom and in Bondage long,
 With Groans and Cries, with Pray'r and Song,
 I fought the Lord of Life and Light,
 But still my Lord kept out of fight.

In Chamber, Closet, (swoln with Tears)
 I sent up Vows for my Arrears ;
 In Chappel, Church and Sacrament,
 (The Souls *Ambrosian* Nourishment)
 I fought the Lord of Life and Light,
 But still my Lord kept out of fight.

What? is mild Heaven turn'd to Brass,
 That neither sigh nor sob can pass?
 Is all Commerce 'Twixt Earth and Sky
 Cut off from *Adams* Progeny?
 That thus the Lord of Life and Light
 Should so, so long keep out of fight?

Such Passions did my mind assail,
 Such terrours did my spirits quail,
 When lo, a beam of Grace shot out
 Through the dark clouds of sin and doubt,
 Which did such quickning sparkles dart,
 That pierc'd the centre of my heart.

O how my spirits came again,
 How evry cranny of my brain
 Was fill'd with heat and wonderment,
 With joy and ravishing content,
 When thus the Lord of Life and Light
 Did re-appeere unto my sight?

Learn Sinners hence, 'tis nere too late
 To knock and cry at Heavens gate;
 That Begger's bless'd who doth not faint,
 At re-inforceth still his plaint:
 The longer that the Lord doth hide his Face,
 More bright will be his after-beams of Grace.

*Upon the most Noble Work of the
Lo. Mar. of Winchester,
By rendring the French Gallery of Ladies into
English.*

1. **T**He World of Ladies must be honour'd more
That so sublime a Personage, that such
A Noble Peer, and Pen should thus display
Their Vertues, and expose them to the day.

2. His praises are like those coruscant Beams
Which *Phæbus* on high Rocks of Crystal streams
The Matter and the Agent grace each other :
So *Danaë* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. Queens, Countesses and Ladies go, unclose
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richest stock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
With Rubies, Perl, and Saphyres yet unworn.

4. Rise early, gather flow'rs now in the Spring
Twist wreaths of Laurel, and fresh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your *Apollo* all the year.

And when his soul shall leave this Earthly Mine
Then offer sacrifice unto his Shrine.

Upon the untimely Death of the Lord

Fra. Villars,

Kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames,

Here lies a Noble *Posthumus* inhum'd,
 VVhose youthful breath that *Sanguin Field*
 perfum'd

Where while his heart with Martial flames did swell,
 Among a Cru of *Cannibals* he fell.

Such a hard Destiny did post from hence
 His gallant *Sire*, yet with this difference:
 One *Assassin* fell'd him, but this brave *Spray*.
 Base *Rebels* in whole throngs did rend away.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

Hail holy Sacrament,
 The worlds great VVonderment,
 Mysterious Banquet, much more rare
 Then Manna, or the Angels fare ;
 Each crum, though finners on thee feed,
 Doth *Cleopatra's* Perl exceed.

Oh how my *Soul* doth hunger, thirst and pine
After these Cates so precious, so divine !

2.

She need not bring her Stool
As some unbidden Fool ;
The Master of this Heavenly Feast
Invites and wooes her for his Guest :
Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here she's sure to find,
So that she bring a Vestment for the day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

3.

This is *Bethsaida's* Pool
That can both cleanse and cool
Poor leprous and diseased souls ,
An Angel here keeps and controuls,
Descending gently from the Heavens above
To stir the waters ; May He also move
My mind, and rockie heart so strike and rend,
That tears may thence gush out with them to blend.

*A Divine**E F A C U L A T I O N.*

AS to the *Pole* the *Lilly* bends
 In a *Sea-compass*, and still tends
 By a *Magnetic Mystery*
 Unto the *Artic point* in *Sky*,
 Whereby the doubtful *Piloteer*
 His course in gloomy *Nights* doth steer;

So the small *Needle* of my *Heart*
 Moves to her *Maker*, who doth dart
Atomes of *Love*, and so attracts
 All my *affections*, which like sparks
 Fly up, and guide my *Soul* by this
 To the tru centre of her *Bliss*.

Of the Scene; and ingenious Composure
of a
Florentine Tragi-Comedy.

F*Lorence*'mong *Cities* bears the name of *Fair*
 For *Streets* and stately *Structures*, *Site* & *Air*:

A City, as a late Historian says,
Fit onely to be seen on Holy-days.
 She breeds great Wits for high attempts and trust,
 Though often bent on black *Revenge* and *Lust*,
 We know the purest *Streams* have woose and slime,
 So *Vices* mix with *Vertu* in this Clime ;
 And there are store of *Stories* in that kind,
 Which as I write, come crowding to my mind :
 But *this* of yours will serve for *all*, which is
 Compil'd with so much Art, that doubtful 'tis
 Whether the *Toscan* Actors shew'd more *Wit*
 In plotting, as *You* did in penning it.

publ in 1654

Upon the Poems of Dr. Aylet,
An Ancient Master of the Chamaery.

THOUGH the *Castalian* Dames (and all the rest
 Of women-kind) love youthful spirits best,
 Yet I have known them oftentimes inspire
Autumnal brains with heats of *Entbean* fire :
 Nay, 'tis observ'd in those whom *Phæbus* loves,
 The more the *Sense* impairs, the *Soul* improves ;
 He darts on *Aged Trees* so bright a stroke,
 As on the *Strandel* of a lustie Oke.

This

This work of yours, this mirrour of your minde,
 Is a clear proof hereof, wherein I finde
 Your *Autumn*, *Spring*, and *Summer* still the same,
 Your *Evening*, *Morn* and *Noon* have the like flame
 Of *Apollinean* fire, in such degree
 May melt the Readers into *Poesie* :
 Your Fancie with the Leaf doth neither fall
 Nor fade, but still is sappy, streight and tall.

Here are no whimsies, and strong Lines that swell,
 And more of Garlick then the Lamp do smell ;
 Such as those rambling Rimers use to vent,
 Who raise their Muse on stilts, and not content
 To tread on earth, do mount so high a stair,
 That their conceits prove Non-sense, Froth and Air.
 Here's no such Stuff, but Substance and rare Sense,
 Sound Rules and Precepts may be cull'd out hence :
 Your *Quadrains* Symphonize with *Pybracks* strains,
 As if his Soul were transient in your brains.
 Your smooth just Cadencies, and gentle Verse,
 Suit with the pious Matter you rehearse,
 As all will judge, who have their brains well knit,
 And do not love extravagance of Wit.

If such your Readers be, you need not fly
 From any Sentence to the *Chancery*.

The Description of a
Morning Expergetation,
After an unusual Dream or Vision.

I 6 5 6.

SO Rest to Motion, Night to Day doth yeild,
 Silence to Noise, the Stars do quit the Field,
 My *Cinq Ports* all fly ope, the *Phantasie*
 Gives way to *outward* Objects, *Ear* and *Eye*
 Resume their Office, so doth *Hand* and *Lip*;
 I hear the *Carmans* Wheel, the *Coachmans* Whip.
 The *Prentice* (with my sense) his Shop unlocks,
 The *Milk-maid* seeks her *Pail*, *Porters* their frocks;
 All cries and sounds return, except one thing
 I hear no Bell for *Mattins* Toll or Ring.
 Being thus awak'd, and staring on the light
 Which *silver'd* all my face and glaring sight,
 I clos'd my eyes again, to recollect
 What I had dreamt, and make my thoughts reflect
 Upon themselves, which here I do expose
 To evry knowing Soul: and may all those
 (Whose Brains *Apollo* with his gentle Ray
 Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)

That

(91)

That read this *Dream*, thereby such *Profit* reap
As I did *Pleasure*; Then they have *It* cheap.

Est sensibilibium finia somnium,

J. H.

To

M^{rs}. E. B.

Upon a sudden

SURPRISAL.

A *Pelles*, Prince of Painters, did
All others in that *Art* exceed;
But *You* surpass him, for He took
Some *Pains* and *Time* to draw a *Look*;
You in a trice and moments space,
Have *Pourtray'd* in my Heart your *Face*.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,
Christmas-Day.

1. **W**onder of Wonders, *Earth* with *Sky*
Time mingleth with *Eternity*,
 And *Matter* with *Immensify*.

2. The *Sun* becomes an *Atom*, and a *Star*
 Turns to a *Candle* to light *Kings* from far
 To see a spectacle so wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that *Son* doth bear
 A world of sin, acquitting mans arrear
 Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majesty both *infinite* and just
 Offended was, therefore the *Offering* must
 Be such, to expiate frail flesh and dust.

5. When no such *Victime* could be found
 Throughout the whole *Expansive* round
 Of *Heaven*, of *Air*, of *Sea* or *Ground*,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himself descends
 To make *Astræa* full amends,
 And *Human Soul* from *Hell* defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever such a Love as this,
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliss
Should stoop to such a *low* Abyfs?

To my Dear Mother,
The University of OXFORD,
Before
Mr. Cartwrights Poems
Of
CHRIST-CHURCH.
1650.

Alma Mater,

MAny do suck thy *Breasts*, but now in some
Thy *Milk* turns into *froth*, and spumy *scum*;
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *fleam*,
Or some poor *Whbeyish* stuff in steed of *Cream*.

In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,
And make the *Head* turn round, (as that side
Tweed)

Which *Humors* vaporeing up into the *Brains*,
Break out to odd *Fanatik* sottish strains;
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,
And strangely from the *Text* in *Pulpits* roam:

When

When they shold preach of *Rheims*, they prate of
Rome;

Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;
Nor mong thy *Foorders* onely such are found,
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more
Round.

Some of thy Sons prove Bastards, sordid, base,
Who having suck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:
When they have squeez'd thy Nipples and chaste
Paps,

They dash thee on the *Nose* with *Frumps* and *Raps*:
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,
And wold Thee bring to *Farting* *Decrements*.

Few by thy *Milk* sound *Nutrimint* now gain,
For want of good *Concoction* from the Brain.

But this choice *Son* of *Thine* is no such *Brat*;
Thy *Milk* in Him did so *Coagulat*,
That it became *Elixir*, as we see,
In these smooth streams of fluent *Poesie*.

To the Rarely Ingenious

M^{rs}. A. W E E M E S,

Upon Her

S U P P L E M E N T

To

Sir Philip Sydneys Arcadia.

IF a Male Soul by Transmigration can
 Pass to a Female, and Her spirits Man,
 Then sure some Sparks of Sydneys Soul hath flown
 Into your Breast, which may in time be blown
 To Flames; for 'tis the course of *Entbean Fire*
 To kindle by degrees, and Brains inspire:
 As Buds to Blossoms, Blossoms turn to Fruit,
 So Wits ask Time to ripen and recruit.

But yours gives Time the start, as All may see
 In this smooth Peece of *Early Poetrie*:

Which like sparks of one flame may well aspire,
 If *Phæbus* please, to a *Sydneyan Fire*.

*A sudden Rapture**Upon the Horrid Murdering of his late Majesty.*

✓ **S**O fell great Britains Oke by a *Wild Crew*
 Of *Mongrel Shrubs* which underneath Him grew;
 So fell the *Lyon* by a pack of *Curs*,
 So the *Rose* wither'd twixt a *Knot of Burs*.
 So fell the *Eagle* by a swarm of *Gnats*,
 So the *Whale* perish'd 'twixt a *Schoal of Sprats*.

An

E P I T A P H

*Upon***C H A R L E S** *the First.*

Πατριάρχος.

✓ **I**F to *Subdu Himself*, if to obtain
 A *Conquest* o're the *Passions*, be to *Raign*,
 Here lies the *Greatest King*, (who can say more?)
 Of All can come *behind*, or went *before*.

Upon

Upon a Cupboard of Venice-Glasses, sent for a New-years-gift to a choice Lady.

Madame,

IF on this New-years-gift you cast an eye,
You plainly may therein at once descry
A twofold quality; for there will appear
A brittle substance, but the Object clear.

So in the *Donor*, Madame, you may see
These Qualities inherent for to be :
His Pow'r which brittle little is, *Helas*,
His *Mind* sincere, and pure as any Glass.

The old Philosopher did wish there were
A window in his Heart of Chrystal clear,
Through which his friends might the more clearly
His inward Passions, and Integrity. (see

I wish the like, for then you *sure* wold rest
Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Brest.

But if it question'd be to what intent.
With *Venice-Glasses* I do you present,
I answer, That I could no Gift perceive
So fit for me to give, you to receive :
For those rare Graces that in you excel,
And *you* that hold them, one may parallel

H

Unto

Unto a *Venice-Glass*, which as'tis clear,
 And can admit no *poyson* to come near,
 So *Vertu* dwells in you, nor can endure
 That *Vice* shold harbour in a Brest so pure.

A Passionat

E L E G I E

Upon His Long-endear'd Friend,
Daniel Caldwal Esq;

A Heart high swoln with grief in this sad Verse,
 Lets fall these *brackish* tears upon thy Herse,
 Distill'd from that *pure Salt* of long-bred Love,
 Which twice ten Summers did betwixt us move.

O how my Soul doth melt when my Thoughts run
 Upon those days our friendship first begun
 Among the Muses on fair *Isis* banks,
 Where Youth doth play so many sportful pranks;
 When Liberty ore-aw'd by Tutors frown,
 And Mirth half-stoln is far more pleasing known.

From *Isis* to the *Thames* Affections flew,
 And with new sparks of Love still hotter grew:
 Nere *Damon* to his *Pythias* prov'd more dear
 Then *Dan* to Me; nere shin'd their love more clear.

Those

Those *Tyins* which now in Azur'd Skies do glide,
 And *Pilots* through rough *Neptun's* Surges guide.
 Our Souls did seem to one another pass
 By Transmigration; an *Elizium* was
 There where we met: We did so sympathize,
 That Hearts seem'd to make Sallies through the eys.

Thus liv'd we long, till all-disposing Fate
 To check this friendship Us did separate,
 Put Seas between Us, many thousand mile
 Thrice cut me from my *Dan* and *Albions* Ile.

Yet, maugre this large distance We did meet,
 And still by Internuntial Letters greet.

The Horizon of *Love* is large, He spies
 His wished Object wheresoever it lies,
 From *Pole* to *Pole*, from *Thule* unto *Gades*,
 He flying soars through Air, through Seas he wades,

This found I tru, when *Tagus*, *Loire* and *Po*,
 Clowd-threatning *Alps*, and *Pyrenean* Snow
 I cross'd, me thought the further still I steer'd
 My *Dan* still nearer to my mind appeer'd;
 My thoughts by day, my phantasie by night
 Would frequently convay him to my sight:
 I miss'd, and found *Him*; miss'd him to the eye,
 Yet found him in my Brest still constant lie;
 And by this miss, that Axiom tru did note,
 Sometimes *Love's* sweetest when 'tis most remote.

O how my thoughts kept Festival that day
 Did Letters from my *Dan* to me convey ;
 Letters which I shall keep as sacred Ties,
 As holy Reliques, or rich Legacies.

Dear Quintessential Mate, what can express
 The deep-fetch'd sighs my trembling heart possess!
Silence best can : how roars the shallow Source,
 While without noise great Rivers run their course?
 Small Love doth speak, and is sometimes acute,
 While deep Affection stunn'd with grief stands mute,

But is *Dan* dead ? Oh no , now He begins
 To live, He's got among the *Seraphins* :
 Where He doth Nectar quaff with Glory crown'd
 While his sad Spouse still bears his Deaths deep
 wound

In her chaste Brest , and Heart big-swoln with Woes
 More dolorous then all her Childbed Throes.

Farewel, dear Soul, reign in *Elyzian* Bliss,
 And take this pure untainted Sacrifice ,
 Which on Love's Altar doth like Incense flame
 To thy still-fragrant Memory and Fame.

Farewel, until we meet, and make in Sky
 Among the Stars another *Gemini*.

An

E L E G I E

*Upon his Tomb in Horndon-Hill Church,
Erected by his Wife, Who speaks,*

TAke, Gentle Marble to thy trust,
And keep untouch'd this sacred Dust:
Grow moist sometimes, that I may see
Thou weep'st in sympathy with Me;
And when by Him I here shall sleep,
My Ashes also safely keep,

*And from rude Hands preserve Us Both, until
We rise to Sion Mount from Horndon-Hill.*

*Sent with a Prayer-Book to a
Pious Lady.*

Madame,

WHat I by way of Token send, you may
By way of Sacrifice to Heav'n convey,
And to an Off'ring turn my Gift, more dear
To God than Piles of Frankincense and Myrr.
But when for Others you to Him direct
Your Prayers, let your thoughts sometimes reflect
Upon J. H.

To DELIA.

A Bout the light as the poor Fly
 Doth flutter and approach so nigh,
 Till up and down as she still skips,
 Her Lawny Wings with fire she clips:
 So my Affection bout the Eyes
 Of Heart-inflaming *Delia* flies;
 Till *Phoenix*-like they into *Ashes* burn,
 And new *Affections* still rise from their *Urn*.

A sudden

S P E C U L A T I O N

Beyond the Seas.

A lthough my Body many thousand mile
 Be distant from sweet *Albions Woolly Ile*,
 Yet neither *Land* nor *Sea*, nor *Air* nor *Wind*,
 Nor *Heav'n* it self, can keep from thence my *Mind*;
 But that each moment of the fleeting day,
 My *Thoughts* to *England* may *Themselves* convey.

Of

Of
Female Hypocrisie,

In a short Dialog twixt Dion and Thyrsis.

Dion.

T*Hyrsis*, I stand amaz'd how Nature could
Compose a Fabrick of so rich a mould,
That *outwardly* looks like a *Seraphin*,
But a *Megera* if you pry *within*.

Thyrsis.

Whom mean you, *Dion*, that you thus descry
By such gross taintures of *Hypocrisie* ?
For hence you must infer that Nature's blind,
Or els she must be *partial* in her kind.

Dion.

O *Thyrsis*, if that Saint-like Fiend you knew,
That sown-sweet, real, yet dissembling Hue
Of *Livia*, sure you wold be chang'd to wonder,
That Nature in her works should so much blunder.

H 4

Her

Her *Eyes* are like those *Heaven Twins*, except
 That of *Themselves* they shine, not by reflect,
 Wherein through *Cryſtal Caſements* one may ſpy
 The *Queen of Love* ſeated in *Majeſty*.

Her *Forehead* as the *Marble ſmooth* and plain,
 Her *Cheeks* alike, but that half dy'd in *Grain* :
 Her *Treſſes* might ſerve for a *Net* to take
 A *Hermit*, or an *Angel captive* make.

A *Smile* to move a *Stoick*, a *Voice* ſo ſhrill,
 That all *Areadis* wold with *Eccho's* fill :
 A ſweeter *Breath* never perſum'd the *Air* ;
 Leſt touch of *Lip* would a dead *Corps* repair.

These are *Perfections* in *Exterior* ſhew ;
 But if her *inward Qualities* you knew,
 What you ador'd before you would deteſt,
 Turn *Love* to *Hate*, (or *Pity* at the leaſt.)

Her *Breaſt's* a *Shop of Fraud*, her *Heart* a *Mill*
 That reſtleſs thoughts do grind to wound or kill.
 Her *Brain's* a *Still* that at all hours doth ſtrain
 Deſtructive cruel *Notions* of *Diſdain*.
 Her *Eyes* are *Windows* of *False Lights*, and cries,
 Her *Toung* a flap of *Perjury* and *Lyes* :
 Her *Chin* is double like her *Heart* ; Her *Cheeks*
 Have *Pits*, as 'twere to bury whom ſhe ſeeks
 For to deſtroy. —

Thyrsis.

Is't possible so fair a *Bark* should hide
 So black a *Trunk*, or so much *Ill* should bide
 In such Seraphik Beauties? Shells of Gold,
 Can they within such rotten Kernels hold?
 Can in smooth gliding streams *Carybdis* dwell?
 Or in one place cohabit Heav'n and Hell?
 Can *Livia* be so beauteous to th' Eyes,
 And lodg *within* such foul deformities?

Dion.

'Tis so: whence I infer how tru I find,
 No trust is to be put in *Woman-kind*.

Of some,

*Who blending their Brains together, plotted
 how to bespatter one of the Muses
 choicest Sons and Servants,*

Sir Will. Davenant, Knight and Poet.

Poets like *Princes* may denounce a War,
 They may like *Common Mortals* clash and jar,
 Turn privat Feuds to publick, and asperse
 (Justly sometimes) each others *Muse* and Verse.
 But

But whoſo blurs *Davenants* Heroick ſtrains
 Do ſhew more *Gall in Breaſt*, then *Wit in Brains* :
 Their Skulls are like a Siringe cramm'd with Dirt,
 Which as they on ſome Marble Pillar ſpirt,
 Bounds on their grinning Faces back again ,
 So doth *Theſelves* more then the *Marble* ſtain.

Upon Mr. Cleveland.

IS *Cleveland* dead? and will not the whole *Quire*
 Of *Muſes* mourn, and put on *black attire*?
 Nay, their great God *Apollo* ſhold me thinks
 Wear *Sable* too, and dart his Rays through *Chinks*.

Is *Cleveland* gone? Sure in this *long-North-wind*
 Some *Scottiſh Witch* convey'd her *Imps* to find
 Him out, and in revenge made League with *Death*
 To murder him ſo ſoon, and ſtop his breath :
 Yet had his *Body* match'd his *Wit* in *might*,
 He had in pure clear ſtrength put both to flight.

One thing I do admire, we have no more
 Of that *large ſtock* the Stars gave him in ſtore;
 Which could he have bequeath'd by *Legacy*,
 It equall'd had Saint *Mark's* rich *Treſury*.

But my hopes are, that he hath left behind
 Some *Poſtume* Pieces to enrich mankind,

Which

Which with th' *inspiring* Odors they will cast,
May make new Poets, not like *Him* in hast.

Upon

*Dr. Howel, Lord Bishop of Bristol,
Who died a little after the putting down of
Episcopacy.*

* *Rumpendo in Lachrymas facit Indignatio Versum.*

O Were I raptur'd into Verse
To write with fury on thy Herse,
O could I strangle with a wish
Steel'd Clotho, and Stern Lachesis
With their own Thred, or cut the Life
Of *Atropos* with her own Knife.

Or could I meet that *Bald-Pate Churl*,
With his All-mowing Sith, I'd hurl,
And tumble *Him*, with all the *Three*
Down to the Pit in lieu of *Thee*:
So *Man* should be *Lord* of his Age,
And free from their Tyrannik rage.

But much they need not boast, or vaunt to have
This Saint-like Prelat sent unto his Grave:
For *He*, good Soul, was *Mortifi'd* before,
And got almost in sight of Heav'n's bless'd shore,
He

He might be call'd during his Lifes short span
Terrestrial *Angel*, or Coelestial Man.

But Oh, it is not *He* who di'd alone,
For *Prelacy* Herself with him is gone :
Englands whole *Hierarchy* (sad Tale to tell)
At the same time did breathe Her last, and fell.

1 6 4 7.

Before the Second Part
Of

DODONAS GROVE.

From the pure Air of *Greece*, the ancient Nource
Of Learning, and Philosophy's chief Source,
Dodona sends her *Trees* to re-salute
The *Queen of Iles*; they all this while stood mute,
And muffled in a close unlucky Fog,
That the whole Grove appear'd like one great Log.

VWhen a fresh Breeze did Blow, and re-inspire
Their Leafs with Language like an Orphean Lyre,
To tell the gazing world what a dire stroke,
Or fatal clap of Thunder crush'd the Oke;
How all the *Sbrubs* grew *Wood*, and strangely mad,
As if some *Hemlock* them intoxed had:

And

And how the *Thistle* that *Blue round-top'd Weed*
Did by his prickles all these mischiefs breed.

If in this *Bleaker Air Dodona* finds
To nip her Buds any *Malignant Winds*,
She quickly can transplant without despair,
To shoot Her blossoms in some gentler Air.

The Conclusion of the Second Part
Of
DODONAS GROVE.

THUS far have we pursu'd the *doubtful Fate*
Of the *Druidian Oke*, and tott'ring State,
When the first *Northern Blasts* upon him blew,
Which such a world of mischiefs with them drew.

Dodona next shall trembling tell
What a sad period *Him* besel;
How, to Mankinds eternal wonder,
His Trunk from top was cleft asunder.
Whence *Kings* may learn, that by this Blow,
They are made All *Plebeans* now.

To my most Endeared
R. Altham , Esq;

R Are Youth, I stand astonish'd at thy wit,
So quaint, so pregnant, and so full of sp'rit;
As if the *Thespian Dames* for a new Mate,
Another young *Apollo* would create.

Those few Castalian drops which once I drank
At *Aganippes* honey-suckled bank,
Are now exhausted much by long disuse;
By cares and cumbers, Travels far, my Muse
Is dull'd, but yours more ripe, and perfect grows,
Now yours doth *Knot*, now your Invention flows.
O how those Golden days did sweetly shine,
VWhen Contubernal Love did us combine!
VWhen with encircling Arms I fast would keep,
And with old Stories lull us both asleep.

But that tim's past, and passeth still, that *Time*
VWould scarce permit Me to make up my *Rime*.

Upon

Upon

A New-fashion'd Table-Book,

Sent Him for a Token from Amsterdam.

Suppose this Book the Table be
Of a cleer Heart engag'd to Thee,
Wherein could I so pithy prove,
As write the story of our Love;
Within each Leaf I wold infold
The brightest Characters of Gold.
But how can such large Matter be
Couch'd in so streight a room by Me?
Unless I had *His Art* who put
Great *Homers Iliads* in a Nut.

Upon

E A S T E R - D A Y.

HAil, *Holy Morn*, the Morn that made appear
Two *Suns* at once above this Hemisphear:

One,

One, the *Great Eye* of the low world, so bright,
 That it gives evry thing both *Heat* and *Light* ;
 Th' Other transcending *Him* in *Light* so far
 As *He* excels any inferior *Star* :
 The *Sun of Righteousness* ; He who displays
 Upon the *inward* man his Heav'nly Rays.

O that those Rays wold on my Soul reflect
 By the bless'd influence of his Aspect,
 To penetrat the centre of my *Heart*,
 And thence exhale all the *Terrestrial Part*.

A

B A R A L L E L

Twixt

A N G E L S and M E N.

THat which the smallest *Fly* we see
 Is, if to *Man* it equall'd be,
 Such a proportion *Man* may bear
 With those of the *Seraphik* Sphear.

Men are at best but *Earths Free-Denizens*,
Angels are *Heav'ns Immortal Citizens*,

Man

Man hardly on the *Sun* can look,
 Or his coruscant lustre brook:
 But *Angels* can behold the sight
 Of *Him* who made that *Sun* and Light.

Then what is purblind *Man*, if one should dare
 Unto a glorious *Angel* him compare?

Earth with the *Sky* bears no proportion,

'Tis but a *Point* of no Dimension;

It doth not match, much less exceed

The smallest Grain of Mustard-seed:

Then what proportion can (I'd fain be told)

A *Human* Creature with a *Heavenly* hold?

Yet let not *Man* dejected be

At such a mighty odds, for *He*

Is born himself to be in time

An *Angel*, and the Stars to clime

By that Immortal *Soul*, and precious Guest

He lodgeth in his *Spirits*, *Brain* and *Breast*.

To my choice, and most endeared Friend,

of the Author

Mr. R. *A. Ham*

In answer to a Poem of His.

AS when *Aurora* with her cheerful Crest
Mounts our Horizon, then both Bird & Beast
Renew their vigour; so your quickning strains
My drooping spirits rais'd, and rowz'd my Brains:
Wherein the flames of love such beams did dart,
That pierc'd the very centre of my heart.

For as my Eyes your charming Numbers view'd,
My Lips, me thought, with Nectar were bedew'd;
As if *Thalia* from *Apollo's* Mount
An *Ode* had sent dipp'd in the *Thespian-Fount*:
Each Line did lim you out, each Word did show
This Verse, this Stile from *Althams* brain did flow.

Rare flower of Wit, *Minerva's* Minion,
The *Muses* Gem, Honors adopted Son,
What Answer shall I make for to express
That Quintessential Love I Thee profess?

If *Letters* can by Aiery spirits send
A distant Heart, behold my Breast I rend,

An

And send you mine : O but long ago
 This purchase you have got, full well you know ;
 Enjoy it still , and as your years accrew,
 Let mutual Passions still this Love renew

This *bond* of Love which Fortune, Time, nor Fate
 Shall ever *cancel* till Lifes utmost date :

But as the amorous *Vine* her *Elm* doth grasp,
 Twine both our souls, and with embraces clasp.

Upon this rare Erotique Subject,

The Master-piece of L O V E ,

By Mr. Loveday.

AS *Perl* among *Gems* , so among the *Passions* Love
 Excels, and in the highest Orb doth move,
 Her Sisters *Faith* and *Hope* attend us here,
 While through frail *Elements* our course we steer :
 But *Love* soars with the *Soul* beyond the Sky,
 Being *Imp'd* in *Her* to all Eternity.

But what was here a *Passion* that did *burn*,
 And cool by fits, shall there be *fix'd*, and turn
 To an *Angelik* Nature ever free
 From all such humours of inconstancy.

This Author doth that *Passion* so display,
 And in such high Ideas, that He may

Stand to be *Chair-man*, and so sit above
The *Common Masters* in the School of Love.

To his worthy Friend,
Mr. Wallan,
Upon the View of his
A S T R Æ A.

May great *Apollo*, and his charming *Quire*
Of *Girls* nere more my Brain inspire :
May I nere fetch more Naps on *Parnasse Mount*,
Or drink one drop of the *Castalian Fount*,
If with *Astræa* I am not so grown
In love, that I could wish she were *mine own*.

*A Pregnant Vow
For a safe and seasonable Delivery
To*

*The Excellent Lady, the Lady
K A T H E R I N E,
Marchioness of Dorchester.*

To Lucina.

HAil, gentle Goddesse, Midwives Queen
Which pregnant Wombs from pain dost free,
May thy best care and skill be seen
In hastning this Delivery,
To hanſel (as their Hopes are fair)
The Princely Parents with an Heir,

May *Sol* at his Nativity
With *Venus* in Conjunction be;
May that Auspicious *Signe* then raig
Which hath Dominion ore the *Brain*
(The *Souls* chief Palace) to inspire
His Intellect with *Entbean* fire.

May *Cynthia* then at full appeer,
Not pale or red, but white and cleer,

wish.
may.
 May *Thames* be at her highest pride,
 Elated with a smooth *Spring-tide* :
 May the whole Region here below
 With sweet *Favonian* breezes blow.

And since the Month's like to be *May*
 When *Ceres* looks so fresh and gay,
 When evry bush doth blossoms bring,
 And evry Bird doth Carrols sing:
 May all these Auguries conspire
 To make the *Infant* like the *Sire* ;
 And what more happiness then *This* ,
 Can Mother hope, or Mortal wish ?

Upon his Majesties Return,
 With the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

T ✓ The Stars of late *Eccentrik* went
 Out of the *British* Firmament,
 But now they are fix'd there again,
 And all concentred in *Charles wain* ;
 Where, since just Heaven did them restore,
 They shine more glorious then before.

✓ Long may they glitter in that Sky
 With Beams of new Refulgency ;
 May great *Apollo* from his Sphear
 Encrease their light, and motions chear,

So that old *Albion* may from thence
Grow younger by their *Influence*.

May no ill-boding Blazing Star,
No *Northern Mist*, or Civil War,
No lowring Planet ever raign
Their lustre to obscure again,
But may whole Heav'n be fair and cleer,
And evry Star a *Cavalier*.

Before

© H P O A O T T A .

Or,

The Parly of Beasts. 1658.

Trees spake before, now the same strength of Art
Makes Beasts to cun the *Alphabet* by heart,
And cut their *Breaths* to found *Articulate*
Discourfive congruous Accents to prolate:
For *Speech* is breath, Breath *Air* let in and out,
But 'tis the *Mind* that brings the work about.
Such a rare Charter the worlds *Architect*
Vouchsaf'd to give the *Human Intellect*
To create *Words*: for 'tis *Mankind* alone
Can *Language* frame, and *syllabize* the tone.

But here *Beasts* speak, they mone, chide, cry, com-
And at the Bar of *Justice* men arraign: (plain,
I 4 Such

Such are our crying sins, that Beasts resent
Our wickedness, and wretched case lament.

Which shews the world is Hectical, and near
Its great, and fatal Climacterik year :
The whole Creation mourns, and doth deplore
The ruthful state of *Human Kind* ; Therefore
If Men cannot be warn'd when Men do teach,
Then let them hearken here what *Beasts* do preach:

*In Formas mutata novas Mens dicere gestit
Corpora ; & in primas iterum transversa Figuras,
Dii faveant captis.*

*An Eucharistical Rapture,
With*

A Gradual Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy.

NATURES great God, the Cause of Causes be
Ador'd and prais'd to all Eternity :
That supreme Good, that Quintessential Light,
VWhich quickens all that's hidden or in sight,
VWhich breathd in Man the *Intellectual Soul*,
Thereby to rule all Cretures, and controul
What Water, Earth, or Air produce —

The Hymn.

O Holy Souls, O Heavenly Saints,
 Who from corruption, and the taints
 Of flesh and blood, from pain and tears,
 From pining griefs, and panting fears,
 And from all passions except *Love*
 (Which onely reigns with you *above*)
 Are now exempt, and made in endless Bliss
 Free Denizens, and Heirs of Paradis.

O glorious Angels, who behold
 The Lord of Light from Thrones of Gold,
 Yet do vouchsafe to look on *Man*,
 To be his Guide and Gardian,
 Praying always that He may be
 Partner of your felicity.
 O Blissful *Saints* and *Angels*, may ye still
 The Court of Heav'n with Hallelujahs fill.

Seraphik Powers, Cherubs, Thrones,
 Vertues, and Dominations,
 Supernal Principalities,
 Glories, and *Intelligencies*
 Who guide the course of Stars in Sky,
 And what in their vast Concaves lie,
 May ye for ever great *Jehovah's* Will,
 And his Commands throughout the world fulfil.
 Archangels,

Archangels, who the most sublime Degree
 Do hold in the Cœlestial Hierarchy,
 And can endure to see, and face alone
 The glorious *Beatific Vision*,
 A joy which all joys else transcends so far
 As doth the Morning *Sun* the meanest *Star*.
Archangels, Angels, Saints, Souls sever'd, may ye still
 The *Empyrean* Court with *Hallelujahs* fill.

*Upon the Exquisite Romance of the Bishop of Bellay,
 Made English out of the French,
 By Serjeant-Major John Wright,*

MY Wit lay fallow, and my teeming Brain
 Thought to repose a while from any strain
 Of *Poetizing*, till the Air of *France*
 Rowz'd up my Fancy by this new *Romance*;
 Which for variety, for substance, sence,
 For rich Invention, and neat Eloquence,
 And now in point of *Version* may compare
 With any of this kind though nere so rare.

Original and *Coppy* co-excel,
 The *Prelat* and the *Souldier* share the Bell:
 In *Tongue* they differ, but for Mind and Will
 They faithful are to one another still.
 By this I find, which men do seldom see,
 The *Mitre* with the *Helmet* may agree.

To
Mr. Nath. Johnson,
Upon his Version of Pyramer.

IF this Trage-Comedy in *England* chance
To find such welcome as it did in *France*,
Twill highly be esteem'd; nor do I see
But it may look for like Civility:
For, neither Prose nor Verse have lost, but won
In point of strength by this *Traduction*.
So have I known brisk *Gascon* wines brought ore,
And drink far better on our English shore.

Upon Mr. Benlowes Divine *Theophila*.

POets have differing Fires, some spend their stock
On the grave *Buskin*, or the merry *Sock*:
Others by *Lyrik* feet do gently steal
Into a Ladies bosome: Others deal
With *Wars*, and sing of stout adventurous Knights,
Of their high Trophies, hardy Feats and Fights:
Some feed their Fancies on th' *Arcadian* Plains,
And prostitute their Muse to silly *Swains*,
All these do creep on *Earth*, and if perchance
They set to *Sea*, further they not advance.

But

But thy Diviner Muse mounts to the *Skies*,
 And Heaven fills with holy *Rapsodies*,
 Fit to make Hymns for the *Cœlestial Quire*,
 And Angels with their Melody inspire.

*On Doctor Charletons learned Piece, by proving that
 Stone-henge is a Danish-Monument,
 In his New Survey.*

TIs hard to cleer *Old Truths*, but to unmask
 An *Old-grown Error*, is a greater Task :
 This *You* have done, and undeceiv'd Mankind
 Of an *Opinion* kept us long so blind.
 Wherefore in this *Survey* by just *Extent*
 You have made *Stone-henge* your own *Monument*.

*Of Mrs. Diana Bill,
 Born and Baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood,
 bard by High-gate.*

WHere shold *Diana* properly be born
 But in a *Wood* ? A *Wood* that thinks it scorn
 To yeild to *Tempe*, or *Dodonas Grove*,
 Which consecrated was to mighty *Jove* :
 A *Wood* whence great *Diana's Temple* may
 Be seen four thousand paces off each day

With

With a *huge City**, who her Name doth owe
Unto that *Goddeſs*, as good Stories ſhow.

May this new-born *Diana* like *Cane-wood*
Grow up and Taper, Germinat and Bud;
And in due courſe of yeers be firly *Mand*
To ſpread the Race of Noble *Weſtmerland*.

* *London*.

*Upon Her Maſteſties 31 days ſayling from Liſbon
to England.*

Great *Britains* Queen launching into the Deep,
From *Tagus* to the *Thames* her Court to keep,
Neptun and *Eolus*, as they joyntly ſtrove
To do Her Homage, fell ſo far in love
VVith Her Seraphic countenance and grace,
That They ſo long kept Her in their Embrace.
Another Cauſe might be why Heav'n did pleaſe
She ſhould ſo long ſtay ſteering on the Seas,
That coming to be Queen of that great King
To whom ſo many Seas *Allegeance* bring,
She might ſome ſkill in *Navigation* gain,
And learn with Him how to command the *Main*.

Upon the Posthume-Poems of Mr. Lovelace.

THe Rose with other fragrant flowrs smell best
 VVhen they are *pluck'd*, and worn in Hand or
 Brest;

So this fair *Flower* of Vertu, this rare *Bud*
 Of *Wit*, smells now as fresh as when he stood,
 And in these *Posthume-Poems* lets us know
 That he upon the banks of *Helicon* did grow,
 The beauty of his Soul did correspond
 With his fair outside, if not go beyond.

Lovelace the Minion of the *Thespian* Dames,
Apollo's Darling born with *Enthean* flames,
 VVhich in his Numbers wave, and shine so cleer,
 As sparks refracted from rich Gems appeer
 Such sparks that with their Atoms may inspire
 The Reader with a pure *Poetik* fire.

Upon the Gran Climacterik Year ——— 63.

HE who nine seven in seven nine years
 Upon his stooping sholders bears,

When

When ore his head the glorious *Sun*
 About the world his course hath run
Sixty three times, and on that score
 Hath felt eight hundred *Moons* and more;
 'Tis time, high time that He shold ply
 The *Art* of Learning how to Die,
 And think all *Sounds* his *Passing-Bell*,
 To bid the *Lower World* Farewel.

Alia Desunt.

F I N I S.